

CHRISTIAN HERALD

★ JULY 1939 ★ ★ TWENTY FIVE CENTS ★

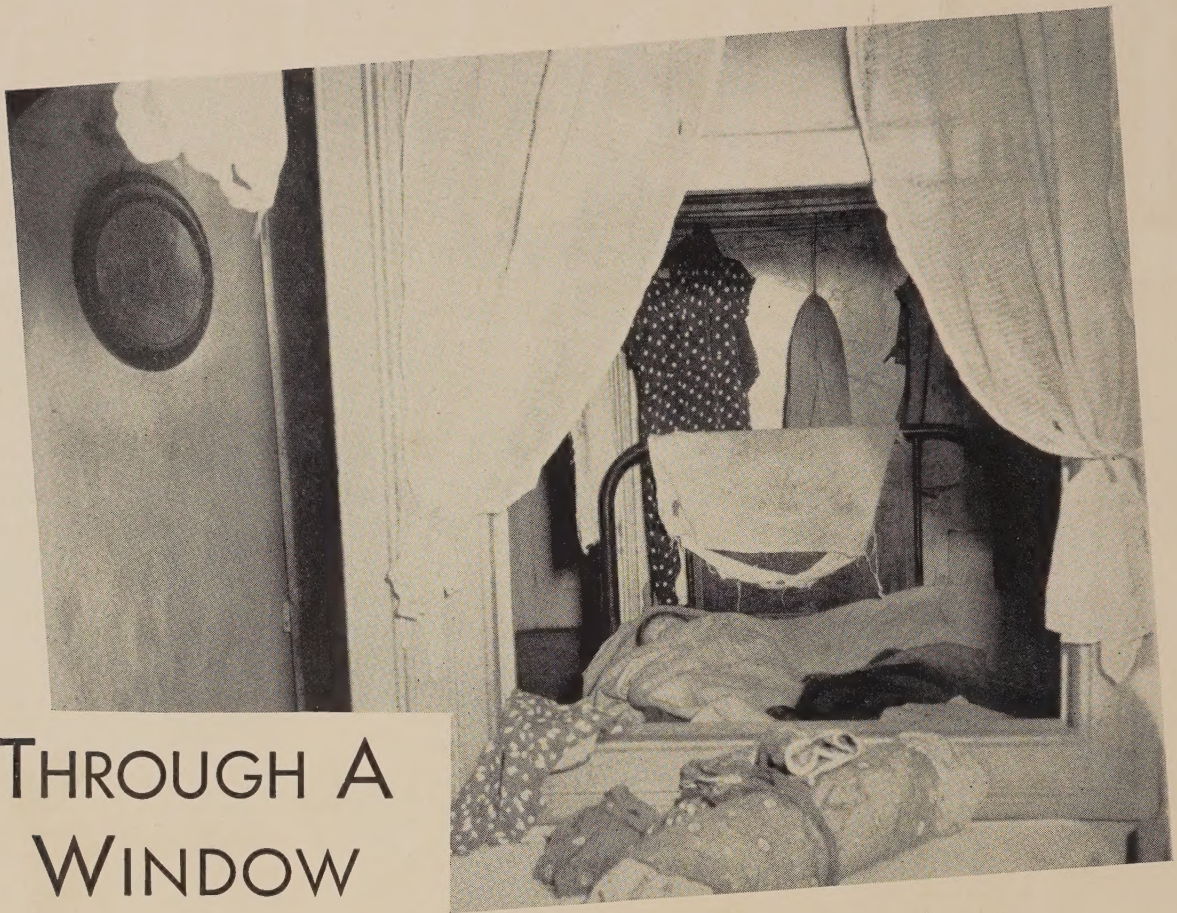


ATTACK ON AMERICAN TRADITIONS

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

VA LIPS • FRANK MEAD • RICHARD MAXWELL • HONORÉ M

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THROUGH A WINDOW

LOOK with me through this curtained window that opens from a tenement living room into the bedroom—look closely enough and you will see a little girl sleeping in the bed with her two small brothers. This window opens on no lovely garden—through it wafts no perfume-laden air; in fact, it hardly deserves the name “window” as you and I understand the word. The only real window in the tenement rooms opens close to a red brick wall and is at the far end of the living room.

Through this window that opens from one room to another these little children get the air it takes to keep them alive—laden with the odor of cabbage and kerosene, it is not only disagreeable air but putrid for during the long winter months it is necessary to keep tenement rooms air-tight to keep warm. How can anyone live in such rooms? How do little children survive the dreadful things that are done to them in the name of poverty? Never properly nor sufficiently fed, exposed to disease through filth and bodily neglect, their only escape from their stifling rooms is the crowded slum streets, and their only real chance for better living depends on the interest and sympathy of charity-giving people.

Will you take these children out of their slum home for the stifling hot summer months when even the street gives no relief? Will you let them play on soft, lovely grass under great shade trees and sleep in clean little beds that stand right next to windows—real windows that open to God's country and the song of birds? Will you do that for little children who through no fault of their own must pay the penalty of having been born to poor parents?

*Give as little or much as
you can—but give **TODAY***

\$5 pays for 7 days

\$10 pays for 14 days

\$50 for 10 weeks

in Mont Lawn's Paradise

July

Christian Herald Children's Home
419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please take these children out of
their dreadful hovels—give them a
vacation so that they can see life as
it can and should be lived by all.

Name

Address

No Home Is Safe Without This Great Book

Here Are But a Few of the Vitally Important Subjects Frankly and Thoroughly Covered in This One-Volume Library

Choice of a Physician
Family Medicine Chest
How and When to Take Medicine.

First Aid
In accidents, falls, bleeding, bruises, firewounds, burns, electric shocks, gas poisoning, fainting, bites, headaches.

Hygiene of Women
Disorders, exercises, Rhythm, the Safe Period, conception.

Sex Hygiene
Anatomy and Physiology of reproductive system. Teaching of sex to the young child. Adolescence. The honeymoon. Sex in middle and advanced life. Diseases of genital tract.

Care of Mother Before and After Childbirth
Minor ailments during pregnancy. Preparation for confinement. When to call the doctor. Premature labor. Post-natal care. Superstitions and misconceptions about childbirth.

Care and Feeding of the Child
Crying. Exercises. Training. Nutrition. Digestion. Breast vs. artificial feeding. Care of sick infant.

Infant Hygiene
Bathing, Sunshine, exercises. Sleep. Toilet habits. Clothing.

Prevention and Treatment of Infectious Diseases
Germs. Carriers of disease. Stamping out disease. Prevention of infection. Personal hygiene.

Infectious Diseases of Childhood
Diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, chicken pox, mumps, infantile paralysis—how caused, how to identify, what can be done.

Transmissible Diseases
Typhoid, lockjaw, rabies, dysentery, malaria, etc.—how to recognize, treat.

Respiratory Diseases
The common cold. How caused, prevention, treatment. Summer colds. Pneumonia. Tuberculosis.

Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout
Diseases of Heart and Circulation

Prevention of Rheumatic fever, Endocarditis, Angina Pectoris and coronary thrombosis

Digestion and Digestive Diseases
Acute indigestion. Dyspepsia. Stomach ulcer. Disease of gall bladder. Jaundice. Appendicitis. Cancer of the stomach. Constipation, colitis, diarrhea, dysentery. When and how to take cathartics, laxatives, enemas.

The Kidney: Its Diseases and Disturbances
Uremia. Treatment of kidney failure. Nephritis.

The Blood and Its Diseases
What is a "Blood Count"? Wassermann and Kahn tests. Anemia. Blood transfusions.

Deficiency Diseases
Prevention and treatment of Vitamin A deficiency.

Allergy and Hypersensitivity
Hay fever, asthma, hives, headache, eczema, etc. Various allergic agents; pollen, foods, animal hair, dust, smoke, insects, etc. Specific treatment.

The Internal Glandular System
The Glands: thymus, pineal, thyroid, pituitary, suprarenal. Gonads or sex glands. Goiter.

Diabetes
Should diabetics marry? Study of diabetes in children, dogs. Insulin. Diabetics and old age.

Blood Pressure
Symptom of disease?

Cancer
Is cancer hereditary? Any relation to race or sex? Is it contagious? Varieties of cancer and their symptoms; cancer of the breast, womb, stomach, intestine, kidney, prostate.

The Hazards of Industry
Occupational diseases.

The Skin
Bathing: soaps, powders, creams, antiseptics, massage, sun baths. Inflammations of the skin: chapping, chafing, sunburn, rash, impetigo, corns, warts, body odor, wrinkles, acne, cancer of the skin.

The Hair and its care; graying hair; hair dyes; superfluous hair.

Eye, Ear, Tongue, Nose, Throat
Pink eye. Foreign bodies in the eye. Styes. Cataracts. Barache.

Mastoids. Hard Wax. Infection of ear canal. Inflammation of tongue. Plastic Surgery of nose. Nosebleed. Sinus and its treatment. Sore throat, tonsillitis.

The Venereal Diseases
Transmission of syphilis. Signs of syphilis, facts about it. Instructions for those with syphilis. May syphilis be cured?

Care of the Teeth
Piorrhoea, Halitosis and bad breath; simpler remedies. False teeth, their use and care.

Advice on the Diet
Foods, fads, and fancies. Calories, vitamins, acid-base ratio in foods. Alcohol. Diets. Food poisoning.

Posture
Correct posture. Physical education for women. Postural effects of clothing styles; clothing and round shoulders.

The Foot
Flat feet, fallen arches, ingrown toenails, warts, bunions, corns, "athlete's foot," etc.

Nervous and Mental Disorders
Abnormal behavior. Insanity. Feeble mindedness. Psychotherapy. How and why people become mentally afflicted.

Old Age
Changes, diseases in old age. "Changes of life" in men and women. Hygiene in old age.

Actual size 6" x 9 1/4", same thickness shown here. Red buckram, stamped in gold color over black panels. Profusely illustrated, with photographs, charts, diagrams, drawings, tables—

905 PAGES

136 ILLUSTRATIONS
—4 IN FULL COLOR

6,000 ITEMS

About Your Body—
Its Care, Health, Diet

Over 6,000 Medical and Health FACTS . . . Written Clearly, Ethically, Frankly and Authoritatively . . . with Accurate Illustrations

YOU never know when or how sickness, accident or emergency will strike! No home is complete or safe unless it contains a modern, complete and reliable adviser on EVERY question of health and the body. Now a NEW kind of book has been written by 24 of America's leading specialists; supervised by Dr. Morris Fishbein, famed Editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, professor, lecturer and author. A book that places at your fingertips EVERYTHING you want and have to know about every organ, function and condition of your body.

Health Insurance for You and Yours

The partial table of contents at the left can give you only a suggestion of all that is contained in the MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER. It is, truly, the most serviceable and reasonable health insurance you can buy—prepared by medical men of unquestioned authority and integrity.

This book does not offer its information as "scary," "act-now-before-it-is-too-late" propaganda. It is for intelligent laymen who are genuinely desirous of having quickly-found information on hand for all emergencies.

Here are the answers to your many questions about: diabetes, constipation, kidney ailments, reducing, diets, cancer, appendicitis—sex and marriage—the common cold, children's diseases—birth control "rhythm" theories of fertility and sterile periods, with tables—heart disease, high blood pressure, allergy—skin eruptions, dandruff, baldness—first aid in burns, cuts, bruises, broken bones, drowning, electric accidents—

countless other topics of prime importance to every thinking adult and parent.

What to Tell Your Children

Every article in this volume is signed by the practicing physician or professor who wrote it. The 81-page article on Sex Hygiene, for example, is, in our opinion,

one of the most common-sense treatments of the subject that has ever been written—itself worth the modest price of the entire book!

But you must SEE the entire MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER to appreciate its full value to you. That is why we offer this great book to you to read—to examine in the light of your own needs.

And for this examination there is absolutely no charge.

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5 Days' Free Examination

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Please send me The MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER, written by 24 famous American physicians, surgeons, and specialists, under the editorial direction of Morris Fishbein, M.D. I have the privilege of examining this book for 5 days free of charge—at the end of which period I will either send you \$1, then \$1 a month later, and 95c (plus \$3 postage) one month after that as full payment; or else return the book to you and remain under no obligation whatsoever.

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The Best in RADIO Selected Programs on July Airwaves

[All Time is Eastern Daylight Saving]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFL, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWKY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

- 9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell. Songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh. The Gospel singer—split RED and BLUE.
11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life. Dr. William L. Stidger in series of inspirational talks—BLUE.
12:15 P.M. Her Honor, Nancy James. Dramatic serial of a woman judge—CBS.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers—BLUE.
5:00 P.M. Midstream. A serial built around problems of a middle aged couple—RED.
6:05 P.M. The Human Side of the News. Edwin C. Hill—CBS.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, news commentator—BLUE.

SUNDAYS

- 9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft, with Julius Mattfeld, organist—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Devotional service conducted by clergymen of all denominations—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Highlights of the Bible. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm—RED.
10:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan. Negro spirituals—CBS.
11:15 A.M. Vernon Crane's Story Book. Whimsical stories for adults and children—RED, except WEAF.
11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals and devotional service—BLUE.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—RED.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and organ—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
2:00 P.M. Democracy in Action. How our federal government operates—CBS.
3:00 P.M. Howard Barlow, directing Columbia Broadcasting Symphony—CBS.
4:00 P.M. Words without Music. Directed by Norman Corwin—CBS.
4:00 P.M. Sunday Vespers. Dr. Oscar Fisher Blackwelder—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours. Dramatization under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
5:00 P.M. The World Today. News round-ups from the world's capitals—CBS.
5:30 P.M. A Bookmaker's Note book. Discussion of fiction and non-fiction—BLUE.
7:00 P.M. The People's Platform. Dinner-table discussions with Lyman Bryson as host—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Jane Froman, Jan Peerce, and Erno Rapee's orchestra. For lovers of good music—CBS.
8:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra. Under direction Frank Black—BLUE.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. The Haenschen Concert orchestra—RED.
10:00 P.M. The Circle. Informal philosophy discussions by famous guest speakers—RED.
10:00 P.M. Knickerbocker Playhouse. With Elliott Lewis and guest stars—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Kaltenborn Edits the News. H. V. Kaltenborn in the role of commentator—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talks with music—BLUE.

MONDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Devotional program with Lowell Patton at the organ—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Interviews with interesting personalities—Alma Kitchell—RED.
2:00 P.M. Adventures in Reading. Discussion of the works of outstanding living American Authors—BLUE.
2:30 P.M. Your Family and Mine. Story of "The Wilbur Family"—CBS.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches, directed by Joe Emerson—split RED and BLUE.
5:45 P.M. Adventures in Science. Interviews with scientists on advances in their fields—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Science in the News. Dr. Arthur H. Compton, speaker—RED.
7:45 P.M. Science on the March—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Order of Adventurers. True tall tales by famous explorers—BLUE.
8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks; symphonic orchestra, Alfred Wallenstein conducting—RED.
8:30 P.M. Magic Key of RCA. Variety show—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Lux Radio Theater, directed by Cecil E. DeMille—CBS.
9:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented Program. Orchestra directed by Marek Weber; soloists—RED.
10:30 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Experimental radio drama—CBS.

TUESDAYS

- 12:00 noon Clara Wright Smith. Program of interesting facts—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Religion in Life. Dr. Charles Turck—RED.

- 1:30 P.M. General Federation of Women's Clubs. Consumer's program—RED.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Split RED and BLUE.
3:00 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall—CBS.
3:15 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE.
3:30 P.M. Story of the Song. How well known songs came to be written—CBS.
5:30 P.M. Highways to Health. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects—CBS.
6:05 P.M. Pictures of France. Paris and the Provinces—BLUE.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Clifton Fadiman, questions and answers program—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. We, the People. The people take the air, with Gabriel Heatter as host—CBS.
10:00 P.M. If I Had the Chance. Interviews with outstanding personalities—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Kaltenborn Edits the News—CBS.

WEDNESDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Religion and the New World. Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over, with June Hynd—RED.
2:00 P.M. Your Health, in cooperation with American Medical Association. Dramatized radio stories in health and hygiene—BLUE.
5:15 P.M. Of Men and Books, with Congressman T. V. Smith—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Our American Schools. Dramatizations of the function of education and schools in a democracy—RED.
7:45 P.M. Human Nature in Action. An explanation of the quirks of human behavior—RED.
8:00 P.M. Television program. NBC Station W2XBS.
9:30 P.M. Idea Mart. Dramatizations with original treatment—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. It Can Be Done, with Edgar Guest—CBS.
10:30 P.M. The Public Interest in Democracy. Deals with America's problems—BLUE.

THURSDAYS

- 12:00 noon Southernaires. Negro spirituals—BLUE.
12:00 noon Clara Wright Smith. Program of interesting facts—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Frontiers of America. Life. Dr. Mark A. Dawber—Various aspects of the rural church—RED.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—split RED and BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Hour-long dramatizations. Summer series of plays—BLUE.

FRIDAYS

- 12:15 P.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. At Home in the World. Dr. Leslie Bates Moss—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Guest speakers—RED.
2:00 P.M. Women in the Making of America. Contribution of women to American Culture—BLUE.
5:45 P.M. Men Behind the Stars. Story of the development of astronomy—CBS.
7:45 P.M. The ABC of NBC. Scenes behind a great broadcasting Company—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Television program—NBC Station W2XBS.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucile Manners, soprano; Frank Black's orchestra—RED.
8:30 P.M. Don't Forget. Tests on ability to remember facts through thought association—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Robert L. Ripley's Believe It Or Not—CBS.
10:45 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger—RED.

SATURDAYS

- 10:30 A.M. Florence Hale's Radio Column. Talks on subjects of interest to parents and teacher—RED.
10:45 A.M. Child Grows Up. Talk by Katherine Lenroot—BLUE.
12:00 noon Clara Wright Smith. Program of interesting facts—CBS.
12:15 P.M. Women in the World of Tomorrow, produced in cooperation with the Women's National Radio Committee—CBS.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors. Weekly service to the nation's philatelists—RED.
1:30 P.M. Bull Session. Students from Chicago University discussing world problems—CBS.
5:30 P.M. What Price America? Dramatized story of America's natural resources—CBS.
6:15 P.M. This Week in Washington. Albert Warner reports the capital news—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Art of Living. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—RED.
7:00 P.M. Americans at Work. Interviews with workers in all fields of industry—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Lives of Great Men. Dr. Edward Howard Griggs—RED.
9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Serenade, with Mary Eastman, Bill Perry and Gustav Haenschen's orchestra—CBS.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

COLLEGE students have never found a substitute for the old fashioned "Bull Session" which has ironed out scores of perplexing problems. Now CBS is putting "Bull Session" on the air as a series of unrehearsed discussion programs on current problems participated in by students of three Chicago Universities—Northwestern, De Paul and University of Chicago. The programs, giving an insight into collegiate opinion, are begun about half an hour before the broadcast; studio clocks are covered and the students are not aware exactly when they go on the air. (CBS Saturdays, 1:30 p.m., EDT).

A NOVEL book review series in the form of a one man debate is being conducted by Representative T. V. Smith of Illinois on Columbia's "Of Men and Books" program. As Democratic Congressman-at-large and teacher at the University of Chicago, Smith is admirably equipped to assume the dual role of criticizing works of history and biography from conflicting viewpoints of politicians and philosophy professor. (CBS Wednesdays, 5:15 p.m., EDT).

He got "C" in Spelling but "A" in Gum Massage —Maybe His Teeth are more important!



**Take a tip from a youngster:
Massage with Ipana helps to make
healthier gums, sounder teeth, to
guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"**

MAYBE young Bill could have done better in spelling—and next term he probably will.

But *right now* he deserves a lot of credit for leading his class in gum massage. All his life he'll be grateful for this early lesson: that it's just as important to care for the gums as it is to brush the teeth. Most of these lucky children know more than

their fathers and mothers, when it comes to things like this.

Gum trouble, they've learned, is prone to come from today's soft, creamy foods. Lack of hard, natural chewing exercise tends to make gums grow tender. Once your gums get that way—watch out for the warning flash of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

Any time you see that tinge of "pink"—see your dentist. You may not be headed for trouble, but let him decide. Very likely, however, he'll tell you that your gums have simply "softened up" from lack of vigor-

ous chewing. And, like so many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of gums. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier—and teeth sparkle with a new lustre.

Take this tip from young Bill. Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of others, to brighter teeth, healthier gums, and a smile that rates "A+."

Try Ipana and Massage and watch your Smile!



Ipana
TOOTH PASTE



Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush

—The brush with the TWISTED HANDLE (see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.



Sells 19 Features In Six Months

"I have sold, up to date, nineteen features to the Detroit Free Press and have been made their correspondent here," writes Mrs. Leonard Sanders of 218 Union St., Milford, Mich., on completing the N. I. A. course. Her skillful handling of feature stories was the reason given by the editor for her appointment. Mrs. Sanders' first feature was sold less than four months after she enrolled with N. I. A.

How do you KNOW you can't WRITE?

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I am a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never* will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men, whose combined newspaper experience totals more than 200 years, are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

A chance to test yourself

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation, Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York.

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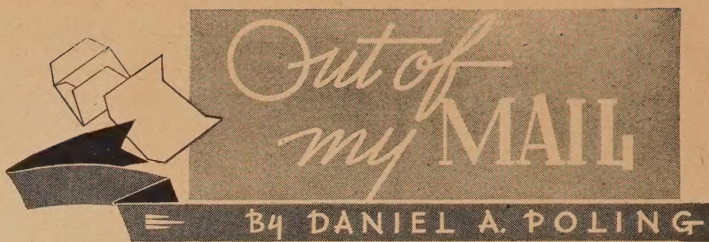
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Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in Christian Herald, July.

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Miss _____

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(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 24G369



ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

A BIBLE FOR A CHURCH

A VERY lovely old Bible—a hundred years old—has been in the home of one of our friends, who now desires to give it to some church that has need of a pulpit Bible.

The church from which the first reply is received will receive the Bible with full particulars from the donor.

I am thoroughly disgusted with the liquor and cigarette advertising that shows strong men and beautiful women in alluring pictures and poses—always recommending their favorite "brand." I have been told that these advertisements are frequently untrue and that for a price these people give their faces and their names. Is this true?

I HAVE heard the same charge. I do know that some years ago Madame Schumann-Heink vigorously repudiated such an advertisement, declaring it a forgery and saying with emphasis that she never smoked any brand. Douglas Corrigan, popularly known as "Wrong-Way Corrigan," refused a fee of twenty thousand dollars to endorse a hair tonic because he didn't use it. Sonja Henie refused a similar sum for her endorsement of a cigarette—because she doesn't smoke.

Unfortunately, not everyone who has been thus tempted has resisted the temptation.

Do you think that foreign propaganda should be allowed in the United States? Does all of this material come under the guarantee of free press and free speech?

ONE of the most profound ideals of democracy is equality. I agree with others that the principle of equality is not merely for home consumption but that it should be applied in our relations with foreign powers. The application of this principle would give to foreign powers exactly the treatment they accord us.

In other words, the application of this principle would permit both Germany and Italy or anybody else to make propaganda for their ideas exactly as we are permitted to make propaganda for our ideas in those lands. Tons of literature are being shipped into the United States from abroad—propaganda literature, literature attacking our

Government, attacking our civil liberties, our freedom under the Constitution, attacking groups of our citizens, the Jews particularly. How much literature of this character would we be allowed to ship into Germany or Italy or Russia? How many American bunds would we be allowed to organize in Germany and Italy? How many American-speaking newspapers financed from America would we be allowed to publish in Germany, Italy or Russia? How long would a party for American Democracy be allowed to raise money, hold conventions, and direct activities in Russia?

Let the principle of international equality be applied. In the name of equality let us stop the flow of foreign propaganda. Let us stop the activities of foreign propaganda agencies. Let us stop these uniform cultural brigades. Let us stop this madness and send the foreigners who give them voice and leadership back to the governments who finance their raids upon American freedom. In the name of equality and for the defense of our liberties, let us so act and without delay!

Have you any idea of the growth of sentiment against the minorities of our population, particularly the growth of anti-Semitism, in the United States?

THE Survey Graphic has actually identified over 800 definitely anti-Jewish organizations in the United States. These organizations are credited with membership of approximately three million, but it is beyond organizations that the dangerous tendency is manifested. Multitudes there are who would not think of joining such a society, who have been influenced by the propaganda.

Have you been influenced—have I?

Is the American Indian vanishing? In the Christian Herald appears the following: "Mayor Hague is of the race of old-fashioned political bosses which seems to be vanishing faster than the American Indian." But in your "Out of My Mail" I read, "The American Indian is no longer 'dying out.' His number is increasing annually." You see, I read the Herald and am happy to have it!

THE American Indian is no longer dying out. His number is increasing. I hope, however, that the "old-fashioned

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

political boss" referred to is dying out—and I am glad that *Christian Herald* has careful and discriminating readers.

Do you believe in congregational evangelism or in professional evangelism? Which do you prefer?

I BELIEVE in both. I believe that the great evangelists whom the one asking the question would classify as "professional" because their entire time is given to evangelistic meetings and they receive their life's support from them, have rendered an incomparable service to the Christian Church.

The names of Moody, Sankey, Billy Sunday and Homer Rodeheaver, Wilbur Chapman, Charlie Alexander, Finney and all the rest, are treasured, holy memories of the Church.

Who, old enough to remember Moody, can ever forget, not only the thrill, but the lasting impression conveyed by his great evangelistic meetings? And people still tell how their lives were affected by the meetings of Torrey and Alexander.

However, it is my conviction that even more important is congregational, pastoral evangelism—the constant season-in and season-out program that seeks men and women and little children for Jesus Christ, to bring them into His Church. I believe that every congregation should be organized for this work—the most vital work in the Church today. Here and nowhere else may the success or failure of the Church herself and of every congregation be finally judged.

A man preparing for the ministry told me that he would welcome a war because he was sure he would be able to convert more men to Christ in the trenches than in a lifetime of ministry. What do you think of this philosophy?

IT IS a pagan philosophy. I know from first-hand observation and experience that the whole conception is utterly false. Few men were converted in the trenches whose conversion survived the disillusionment that followed the Armistice. Multitudes of men lost their faith. A multitude of these have not yet recovered their faith. Christianity staggers today under the burden that unspeakable war realities have laid upon it.

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First Chapter of every success story

IN AT LEAST one respect, all success stories are alike.

They begin with a *wish*—a *hope*.

A man engaged in some petty task hopes that someday he will have a better job—or perhaps even a little business of his own.

A father looks upon his young daughter—and hopes fortune will be kind enough to see her through college when the time comes.

A man who lives in the deep canyons of some crowded city wishes that someday he may be master of a few broad acres where there is room and freedom. Another, held to a too-familiar corner all his life, hopes someday to set out upon his travels.

And still another hopes to see the day

when, freed of all necessity to earn a living, he can quit his task and take life easy.

The hopes of men are as varied as their faces. Nearly everyone wishes for something, dreams of something—and today, more than ever before, the average man can make his dreams come true.

For never in any other era, perhaps, has a man had placed in his hands greater means of *having* what he hopes for.

Given simply a reasonable desire, and a desire strong enough to make him *do* something about it, a man today can write his own success story.

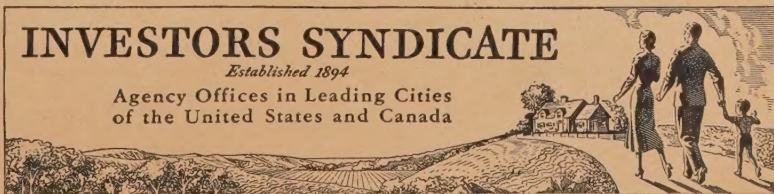
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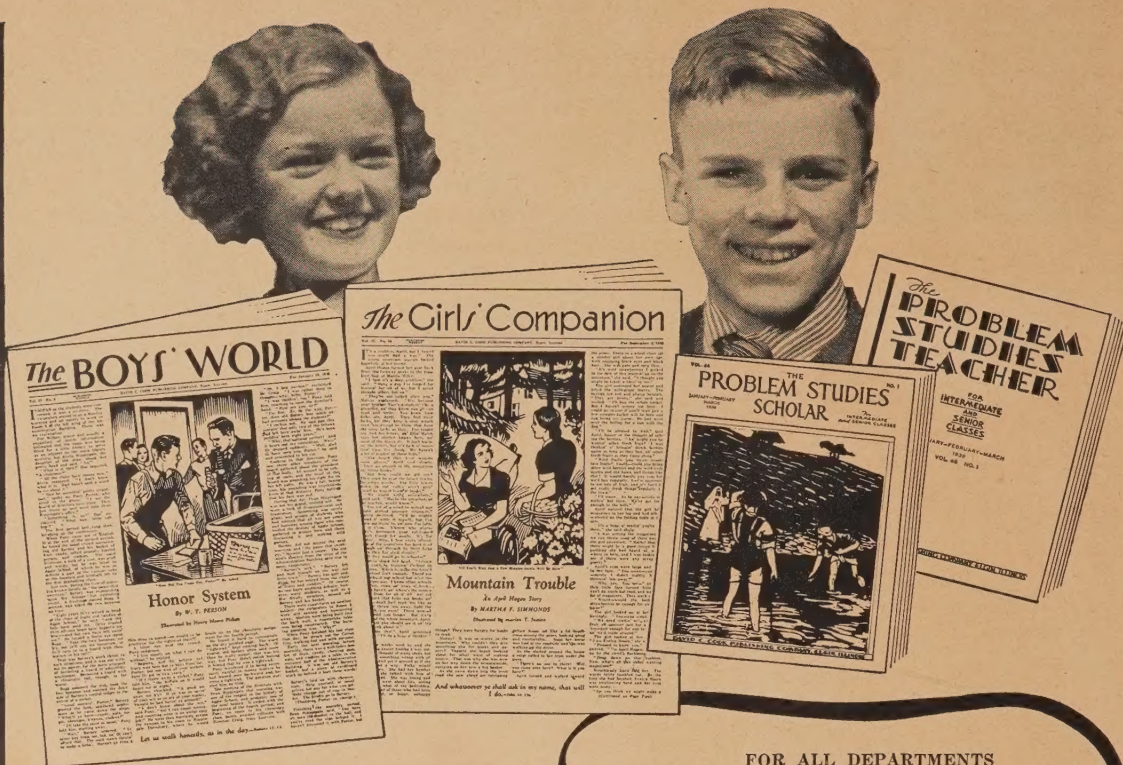
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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

Teach Temperance In The Schools!

A CENTURY ago the schools taught the three R's and called it enough. It wasn't enough, in a civilization that changed as fast as ours; every new generation lived in a different world. We changed from a rural to an urban society, and it became imperative to teach health and hygiene; we ran into economic chaos and found ourselves forced to set up courses in vocational guidance and manual training; the high cost of eating forced many a prospective school-girl bride to study cooking and domestic science. We're all better off for all that.

Now Michigan and Utah find it necessary to teach temperance in the public schools; their legislative bodies have made such teaching compulsory, by fiat of law. It's the best news since the Armistice.

But why only Michigan and Utah? Why not every state? Does anyone know of anything more vital to the moral and physical future of the race? When you rear up a generation that has an intelligent understanding of the dangers of over-in-

dulgence, you have struck at the problem's heart. Children in the schools are in the plastic age, teachable, receptive: an ounce of preventive teaching here is worth a ton of remedy, later on.

But let's teach it intelligently, carefully, scientifically, just as we teach arithmetic and history and physics, now. The teacher can do that. He doesn't have much trouble demonstrating that two and two make four; he has proof of it. And he can prove the effects of alcohol on humanity, just as easily. He has plenty of proof.

He can teach temperance as economics; he can discuss it in terms of private and public profit and loss, in terms of hard cold dollars and cents. He can tie it up with civics and politics, and ask why it is that we have been forced to close our saloons on election day. He can tie it up with psychology in tracing the effect of too much alcohol on human behavior and the human mind. He can tie it up with sociology: what will happen to a society made up of toppers? Is society safer with temperance or intemperance? He can tie it up with character-development: does the child before him want to become a success or a sot? Ask the child. He'll tell you.

A T H O M E

WASHINGTON: Between arguments over Germany and John L. Lewis, official Washington is finding time to ask, "Will Roosevelt run again? Has Farley any chance? What about Garner? And who have the Republicans got?" And so on, ad infinitum, far into the night.

Mr. Farley is touring, making speeches, whipping up support, counting noses. Those "on the inside" say he'll run if he sees any chance for himself; if not, he'll stick by the President; that the "nominate Garner" movement is really a "stop Roosevelt movement"; that Hull might get it if he'd lift his hand; that Wallace—if crops are good—has a chance; that with the Republicans it is already settled—it will be Dewey and Taft or perhaps Vandenberg—if he hasn't started his boom too early.

All in all, it's a case of "Roosevelt against the field"—in case he chooses to run. The "draft Roosevelt movement" is already under way, to make him run; it is always better to be "drafted" than to volunteer, in politics. But Mr. Roosevelt, canniest of all politicians, isn't saying a

word. He doesn't have to. He can afford to wait.

While we wait, we can be sure of only one thing: all signs point to a more conservative regime in 1941-45, no matter who gets in.

DEATH IN THE SEA: Prayers have been said for the "Squalus" dead; the country, shocked at the news that three-score men had been lost, will forget it as time wears on.

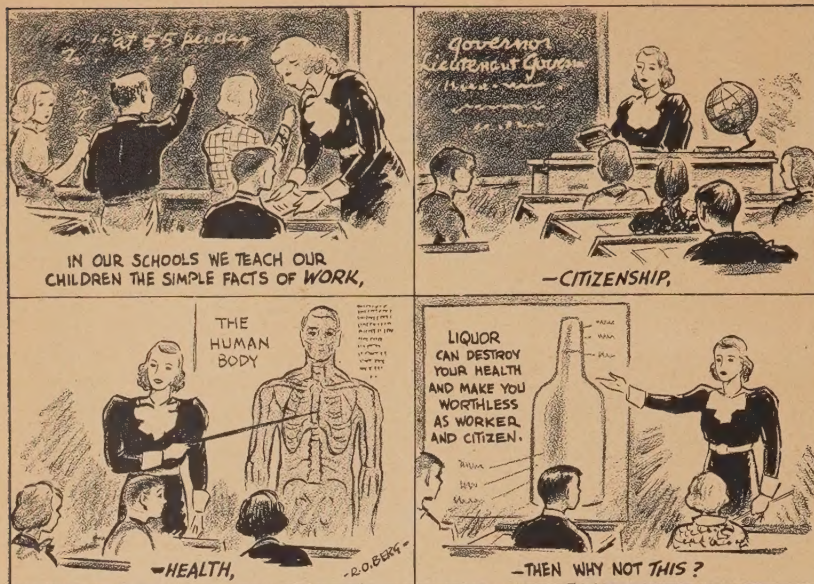
But the twenty-six who came up out of that hulk on the bottom, alive, will never forget it. They know that a miracle as well as a tragedy happened here. Submarine disasters aren't the disasters they used to be. When the F-4 was lost off Honolulu in 1915 it took four days merely to locate it; when the S-4 was sunk, it took eight hours to locate her, and three months to raise her—and every man aboard was lost. But on the Squalus, half were saved; as late as five years ago, every man aboard would have suffered the fate of those on the S-4.

Now, thanks to the diving-bell, telephone buoy and smoke-bomb, twenty-six

men were saved from the unbelievable depth of 240 feet. Tragedy as it was, there was triumph in it, and hope for the undersea sailors of tomorrow. While we pay tribute to the men lost on the Squalus, we might also be paying honor to the men above the surface who spend their lives inventing diving-bells, smoke-bombs and telephone buoys—the paraphernalia of life-saving. They are genuine men-against-death.

ROYAL VISIT: England's King and Queen have come and gone. Just what politics were involved in their visit we don't know. Was it to further cement Anglo-American friendship? To look at Canada as prospect for a future Empire capital? To bolster waning Dominion interest in England's wars abroad? Only the leaders, the statesmen, know.

For a mere man-on-the-curb, like ourselves, it is the human side of this visit that's interesting. It is the sight of King and Queen tired to death by one reception after another (one Canadian newspaper has called their tour "royal torture") keeping their smile and waving



WELL, WHY NOT?

to their crowds and never once letting their cheering people down. It is the sight of these two royal ones riding in a railway cab behind the engineer. Above all, it is the sight of those little Dionne "quints" breaking away and flouting court rules and running over to hug their Queen—and the Queen throwing her arms around them, like any lowly mother in a Saskatchewan cabin.

Queens are human; kings are people. It's the humanity of these two that gripped our hearts, and not their majesty.

REDS, ET AL: Worried as we are by anti-American agencies spreading dissent beneath the flag, angry as we are at the Reds, the Communists and all the rest of them, there is nevertheless a lighter side to the tragi-comedy now being played out with them in America. Fritz Kuhn got himself into jail late in May; Mr. Dewey catalogues him as a common thief, pilfering money from his Nazi-American faithful. A leader behind the bars on a charge like that adds no comfort to any cause.

And the comic-opera rantings of Mr. George Deatherage (ex-house painter with a Hitleresque mustache, Commander of the Knights of the White Camellia) before the Dies Committee must have disgusted even his Knights. Neither did General Moseley do much to dignify their dubious cause.

It always happens. Bring a fanatic out into the open and let him shout, and he becomes a clown in the eyes of thinking people. We haven't so much to fear from these Fascist-minded leaders, we think, as we have from the conditions in this country which make it possible for such men to rise to power. Fascism and anti-Semitism are not diseases but symptoms of disease.

Opera-bouffe though it is, let the Dies Committee investigations continue. It performs a valuable function: it brings the cards up on the table, where all can get a good look at them.

JOBS AND RELIEF: Could many of our Americans on relief get real jobs if they really wanted them? A survey of the American Institute of Public Opinion says "Yes."

Asked, "Do you think there are any persons on relief in your community who could get jobs in private industry if they tried?" 69 per cent of those questioned replied in the affirmative, 31 per cent in the negative. Asked, "What proportion of them could find such jobs?" the average answer was "Twenty-five per cent." And, to make it look still worse, 38 per cent of those on relief thought they might find work, if they looked for it.

The Institute offers three reasons for this: (1) many on relief are just plain lazy; (2) many get more money on relief than they could get at other jobs, and (3) some on relief have lost spirit—they are afraid to let go the relief job for fear they couldn't find permanent jobs.

WISCONSIN: Seven hundred young men and women stood up the other day in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, to take the constitutional oath of citizenship. They had just reached twenty-one; they were now full-fledged, voting citizens. It was an impressive sight—more so inasmuch as the ceremony started in Manitowoc's churches and ended in the high-school.

More impressive was the speech of University of Wisconsin's president Dr. Dykstra, who told them bluntly that their one great task was to find out whether the great problems of our democracy could be solved without sacrificing democratic liberty. The president has something there: this is peculiarly Young America's problem.

We make bold to suggest that such ceremonies take place all across the nation; they would be a welcome relief from the stereotyped and somehow inadequate rushed-through ceremonies now the order of the day in the business of naturalizing new citizens from abroad. There's more

to naturalization and citizenship than mumbling a ritual; it is a high obligation, and, as things are, an obligation that takes a high form of courage and devotion.

ARTIST: A very tired and sick old man tottered up the gangplank of the *Normandie* the other day, going home after a concert tour of the United States. In his staterooms were telegrams by the hundred, wishing him bon voyage and good health; on the dock were hundreds who fought to shake his failing hand, who would have killed him with kindness if they could.

He was Paderewski. Your editor heard him play one concert, and almost wept at the sight of a once-great artist with the playing magic departed from his famous fingers. But the crowd gave him a tremendous ovation—not for what he was doing, but for what he was, and for what he has done for his Poland and the world.

It is the American way. Paderewski could not have played a concert in Germany, or in many another dictator-ruled country; his blood was "bad." But here, his blood means nothing and his artistry everything. He is an aging saint still preaching the universal language of music; he is an apostle of art and beauty, and that, in a democracy, transcends all else. There is hope for America so long as we feel like that. . . .

ABROAD

PALESTINE: Nobody likes the White Paper of the British—not the Jews, not the Arabs, not even a goodly proportion of the British themselves. The Tories and the Laborites call it a betrayal; the Arabs call it a subterfuge; the Jews call it an invitation to mass murder.

As a matter of record, the White Paper is drawn up not to satisfy either the Jews or the Arabs, but purely in the interests of safeguarding the Empire. The Jew is a pawn of empire, and not for the first time in his woeful history. The Arab is encouraged a little to throw his strength (and there are 100 million Arabs from Gibraltar to Suez) away from Germany and Italy and toward London, in the much-discussed Next War. And the British, staying on in Palestine to "keep the peace," will guard the flanks of the Suez Canal, the gateway to the East which is Haifa, and the precious oil-line to feed her fleet at the Haifa naval base.

The dream of the Jew for a national home in Palestine has been shattered. The thousands who have migrated there, with the stripes of European persecution on their backs, find themselves in a precarious position; they are surrounded by Arab knives. Yet it may be best that they never achieve that Jewish State, after all. Such a State would have placed the Jews all over the world in a bad position, robbing them of their real power wherever they are. For the Jew is not a nation, but a faith. In the defense of that faith lies his real contribution to civilization.

We said in these columns months ago that the hope of a Jewish National home

here was a gallant but hopeless dream. Such dreams will always be hopeless—so long as the world is run on a program of armed might. Someone must be the pawn.

JAPAN: The Japanese are halting neutral ships in Chinese waters. They have attempted to invade the international settlement at Amoy, and they talk of taking a "firmer hand" over the international settlement in Shanghai. All that was just about the finest way possible for Japan to get into trouble with America, England, and France. To top it all off, the Japanese even halted a German ship! Why?

The reason is bewildering: Japan is deliberately looking for trouble. Mired down in a Chinese war that looked easy at the start but which has become a death-orgy for Nippon, the only way she can get out of it gracefully would be to become entangled with stronger, Western powers. Face-saving is of prime importance to an Oriental; he will do anything to retire with dignity, or with a "whole face," from an impossible situation. That situation has arrived for Japan.

Waiting for the face-saving incident, the people of Japan go on paying the piper. Taxes are up again; gold is becoming scarce; a determined anti-Fascist movement sweeps Tokyo; the financial and economic load assumes unforeseen crushing dimensions. And a Japanese soldier in China writes a book in which the writer, from the front, says frankly that his fellow Japanese soldiers understand that they are fighting not at all to save China from wicked rulers, but because the Mikado tells them to fight. He let more than one cat out of the bag with that one.

DANZIG: The long-predicted incident at Danzig hasn't materialized yet, but it will. The time isn't right for it; Hitler isn't ready. He may not be ready for some time, in view of the progress of Russian-French-British understanding.

But Hitler must take Danzig. Dictating is like eating: you must keep on or die. You must get more and more land, revenue and resources, to stall off that trouble at home, to keep your people in the "We-can-conquer-the-world" mood. Correspondents from the other side say Hitler and Mussolini will help themselves to more before Fall; they must, or fall themselves.

There will not be great opposition to the creation of a German Danzig, we think. It is already quite German, and always has been. It is in Poland that the trouble will come; it looks now as though the Poles would take the stand the world has been waiting for. Watch Poland, and forget Danzig.

CANADA: President Roosevelt has just received another present. Presents are nothing new in the White House, but this one is a bit unusual. It is a huge mahogany brass-bound medicine chest from Mr. Archibald Kains of Ottawa. It was part of the British loot taken from the White House by one Thomas Kains, brother of Archibald, when the British burned the Capital in 1814.

The President has plenty of chests, and perhaps he doesn't know where to put this one. It might well be sent on a tour of the country, in the interests of peace.

And the incident might be of use to Europe. About the best thing Europe can do with all the captured cannon now in its public parks would be to either send them back to those they were captured from, or drop them overboard in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

We remember seeing a cannon in a small English town, captured from the Germans at the cost of the lives of all too many of the boys of that town. But when they had it set up in the town park, someone discovered on the barrel of the gun the name of the British armaments manufacturer who had made it—and sold it to Germany!

PEACEFUL SUMMER: In spite of wars and rumors of wars, it seems safe to say there will be no war this summer—and perhaps this year. London war-insurance rates were cut this month; little Belgium discharged one-third of the technical experts called recently to Antwerp in anticipation of "certain" hostilities; Franco has sent home 200,000 Fascist troops; Edda (Mussolini) Ciano was sent sailing to Brazil, which she surely would not have been had there been war-clouds overhead. And the King and Queen of England are in the States, which they surely wouldn't be if. . . .

No, no war this summer.

CHURCH NEWS

METHODISTS: Home from Kansas City are the Methodists, with a record of great achievement behind them: they have done what some said was impossible, in uniting their three major branches. Their Uniting Conference will stand out as the greatest single event in the Protestantism of 1939.

Christian Herald has not been interested so much in the mechanics of that Conference as in its spirit. The secular press has played up the mechanics—and the confusions—all too much. What stands finally done, we think, is more important than the method by which it was done. So to inform its readers as to the spirit which prevailed in Kansas City, we offer you this month a statement given exclusively to *Christian Herald* by Bishop Charles L. Mead, Episcopal host of the Conference. Says Bishop Mead:

"The spirit in which the work was carried on was of the highest Christian order, with no irritation arising because of racial, national or international representation. It was impossible to tell by the attitude of individuals which section of the Church each represented—all seemed to be baptized into one spirit, namely, that of Christian unity and the desire to form a more perfect union among the three contracting bodies. Everyone present felt the indescribable thrill and power of that gathering, as delegates and official representatives stood together with uplifted hands and pledged fealty and loyalty to the one United Church. The impression left upon the city of Kansas City and contiguous territory has been most pro-

found. Not only the Methodist Churches, but churches of every name, felt the spiritual uplift which came through the presence of such a great number of people meeting for a religious purpose."

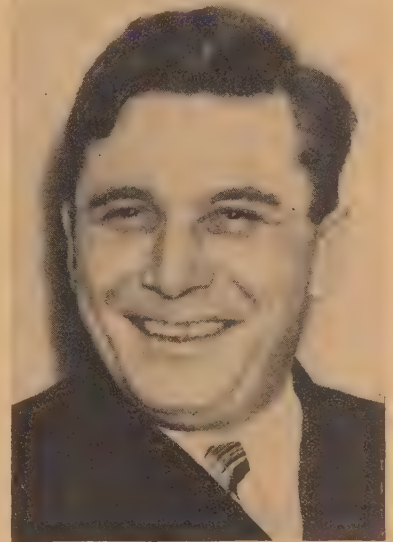
It all goes back to spirit after all, and the Bishop is right. All American Protestantism has had a lift of soul from Kansas City.

UNIONS: Several of our readers have written in asking for a list of the Churches which have united in the last few years. Here it is:

Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., with Cumberland Presbyterian Church (1906); Northern Baptist and Free Baptist (1911); Three Lutheran bodies in Norwegian Church of America (1917); Three other Lutheran bodies in United Lutheran Church (1918); Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., with Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church (1920); Evangelical Association and United Evangelical Church (1922); Congregational and Evangelical Protestants, (1924); Reformed Church in the U. S. and the Hungarian Reformed Church (1924); Congregational and Christian Churches, (1931); three Lutheran bodies in the American Lutheran Church, (1931); Evangelical Synod of North America and Reformed Church in the U. S., (1934); three major Methodist Churches in the Methodist Church, (1939).

And we dare to predict that there will be more soon—perhaps even this year.

EPISCOPALIANS: Coupled with the report that pensions to Episcopal clergymen average approximately \$1,000 a year now as compared to \$556 in 1922 comes a blast from Bradford B. Locke, executive vice-president of the Pension Fund,



WENDELL L. WILKIE, PRESIDENT
COMMONWEALTH AND SOUTHERN
CORPORATION

What he says:

"The principles of Christianity will save the bright light of freedom in this country, and keep the United States the best country in the world in which to live."



THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

What he says:

"The world has not yet recovered from the effects of the last carnage, which in each and every country decimated my generation. The greatest success that any government could achieve for its own national policy would be nothing in comparison with the triumph of having contributed to save humanity from the terrible fate which threatens it today."

against the danger of including religious organizations under the Social Security Act. Mr. Locke feels such an inclusion to be loaded with "complications and dangers" which might destroy all the good work done by the Fund since 1922.

"Almost negligible," says Dr. Locke, "are the defaults in interest." That is rare, in pension funds. It is too good a picture to be blurred by government interference.

The year's award for brave preaching goes to Rev. Frank R. Wilson, rector of St. James Episcopal Church, Hyde Park. Preaching with the President in his pew, the rector said, "We get very little interest in our Sunday School from you parents. . . . We have a lot of heathens in Hyde Park, yet we rarely go to anyone and say, 'Is there anything I can do to make you happy in a church home?'" Voila!

RELIGION IN GERMANY: The Bible outsold *Mein Kampf* in Germany last year by 200,000 copies. That so alarmed the author of *Mein Kampf* that he has banned the sale of Bibles and Church tracts. The order came through the Reich's "Literary" Chamber.

With that order came another: religious broadcasts over the radio are now forbidden and so is religious teaching in the schools. Reports reach a large number of Lutheran and Evangelical ministers who have refused to go over 100 per cent to the Nazified Church that no longer will they receive its customary governmental subsidies from the government. We won-

der about all this. We wonder whether you can stamp out faith by stamping down a church; or can you ban a book—particularly a religious book—that people want to read more than they want to read any other book—even *Mein Kampf*? And we wonder whether a stronger church than ever will come out of all this German travail—a church really free, on its own feet, leading in the German van and not chained to the chariot-wheels of the State? Eva Lips says so, elsewhere in this issue—and she should know!

PRESBYTERIANS: The Presbyterians (USA) have just met at Cleveland, the Presbyterians (US-Southern branch) at Montreat. They took determined stands on war, neutrality, no-arms-to-Japan, gambling, Sabbath Observance, church doctrine. The question of union among their own branches or with other Churches is laid over for at least a year.

Yet they made definite steps toward union, in three directions: among themselves, with the Reformed Church in America, with the Episcopalians. They moved slowly, as they should.

Opposition to the union idea was feeble, scattered. When a minister rose at Cleveland to accuse the Presbyterians of "selling out to a dictatorial system" (the Episcopalians) he was voted down, uproariously. The time is ripe for it, and the Presbyterians know it. The wave has been gathering strength for years.

Never before, said Dr. Joseph A. Vance, has the prospect been brighter for union of all churches of the Reformed Church.

FARMERS IN CHURCH: The American farmer, contrary to popular belief, is not a "joiner." In a study just made by Cornell, of 3000 farmers in four rural counties, it is found that the farmers belong on the average to only one or two organizations. Twenty per cent belong to no organizations, thirty per cent to only one.

Of special interest to us is the list of organizations to which the soil-tillers prefer to belong. In the order of preference, they are: the Church, grange, Dairymen's League, farm bureau, lodge, other cooperatives, and a social-civic group. Far in the lead among those who join only one or two organizations are those who join the Church.

So the farmer goes to church, after all.

BAPTISTS: The largest world assembly of Baptists ever held will be held in Atlanta this month, from the 22nd to the 28th. Seventy nations will be represented. With scores of delegates from Europe, they will discuss the unsettled European situation; with their churches closed in Rumania, they will talk about church liberty.

Reports on the Oxford and Edinburgh Conferences will be talked over; the commissions which will report on these subjects are international in character, the chairman of the first being a Swede, the second an Englishman, and the third an American. Impetus will be given to the discussion by the recent decision of the General Council of the Northern Church to recommend the joining of the Northern Baptist Convention with the World Council of Churches.

The Baptists have held out long against

the World Council idea, feeling that many of their precious doctrines and beliefs would be surrendered or lost, were they to join. But the ecumenical movement seems gaining headway among them, as among all the rest of us.

Even more important than the World Council move is the sending of Dr. L. R. Scarborough and Dr. Roland Q. Leavell of the Southern Convention to meet representatives of the Northern Convention in Chicago to plan a national evangelistic program approved by both Conventions. A nation-wide Baptist evangelical campaign would mean something, in these United States.

LUTHERANS: Back on the air again is the Sunday Vespers Hour, sponsored by the Lutherans. Approximately 84 stations will carry the broadcast which comes on from 4 to 4:30 every Sunday afternoon from June 4th to the last Sunday in December.

Preaching during the months of June, August and September will be Dr. Paul E. Scherer. Tune him in. He is this editor's favorite radio preacher—and one of the finest preachers in America. He has something to say, and he knows how to say it. We recommend Sunday Vespers, without qualification.

TEMPERANCE

INSURANCE: We paid out automobile insurance this week; it was "up a little" from last year and, says our agent, it may be higher next year. Why? Drunken drivers, says the agent.

He estimates that the automobile insurance companies of the country paid out fifteen million excess dollars last year, fifteen millions representing losses that would not have occurred had the drivers involved not been drinking. The damage is worse, it is claimed by the companies, where booze is involved. One company recently paid out \$6500 for one accident in which \$1500 would ordinarily have covered the damage—but there was a drunk behind one wheel, etc., etc. . . .

We don't mind paying a fair rate to protect our families in the family car, but we do object to having our rates raised because some drivers can't let drink alone; we think he should pay for his own crime.

There is only one solution for it, say the insurance companies. Stop letting them off with suspended sentences, small fines, and reprimands; *revoke those licenses, and revoke them for good.*

DRY HOTEL: In the heart of downtown Cleveland is the New Amsterdam Hotel, managed and operated by Mr. Harry Allen. It is a good hotel; good rooms, good food, patronized by the best people. But there is one thing missing; there are no signs calling you to the New Amsterdam's "cocktail hour"; no cocktail lounge; no bar. Strange! Mustn't a hotel have such things to succeed?

Mr. Allen doesn't think so. Says he: "Before we would put in a bar or cocktail lounge we would close the institution." He has followed that policy for years and, believe it or not, he is making

money. The quiet, wholesome atmosphere and character of the hotel is his best advertisement: the best people like it.

This isn't a free ad for Mr. Allen; he doesn't need that. It is just a news item for the benefit of those who think a hotel must be wringing wet to be profitable.

BOOZE BROADCASTS: The postman is ringing more than once at the offices of the National Broadcasting Company these days. Since NBC banned the advertising of alcoholic beverages over its network, an unprecedented flood of mail has poured in from housewives, parent-teacher associations, college presidents and churches. The total number of letters banning beer and wine represents the greatest unsolicited mail ever received at NBC in connection with any policy of the company. Evidently, it isn't only the church people who want to go dry.

The policy, of course, does not determine the policy of individual stations in so far as local broadcasting from the stations on its chain is concerned; NBC has no control over that. Yet the step is important and encouraging. We look forward, incidentally, to the permanent banning of that non-NBC ex-Governor-of-a-great-state who broadcasts news for a foreign wine merchant, not only because as a commentator he seems to be a good ex-Governor, but because we just can't get the connection between booze and better government.

Our congratulations to NBC; long may it rule the airwaves.

ELECTIONS: Ohio County, Kentucky (greatest whiskey-producing state in the Union) is through with beer and whiskey; a recent election threw them out by a majority of 1,576. Only one town, Fordville, has hitherto been dry.

Curry County, New Mexico, joins the dry column; the vote was close, for this has been a great wholesale distributing center: 2800 voted dry, 2100 wet.

Country Home Magazine says results of a survey show "at least twenty-five per cent of the nations 40,000 chartered communities will be under prohibition again next fall." No wonder the *Beverage Retailer Weekly* cries for: "a national advertising campaign sponsored by the industry as a whole to court public favor and deter the rising tide of prohibition. . . . History has a way of repeating itself." They're right. . . . about history.

PEOPLE

The Vice President of the United States, whatever else he may be, is a most likable personality. Anyone who knows him will tell you that. Ask the policeman on the corner near Mr. Garner's hotel.

The policeman is Patrolman Abel Mann. Mann finishes his beat-walking every morning at the very moment the Vice President leaves for the Capitol. For seven years the second officer of the land has been giving the cop a free ride back to his precinct headquarters. He goes two blocks out of his way to do that.

They sit together and chat. "We talk

a lot sometimes," says Patrolman Mann, "but we don't talk politics. We talk about baseball and the weather and sometimes chickens." The Vice President doesn't like the patrolman lifting his hand in salute; he tells him gruffly to "Cut that out!"

Well, that's democracy.

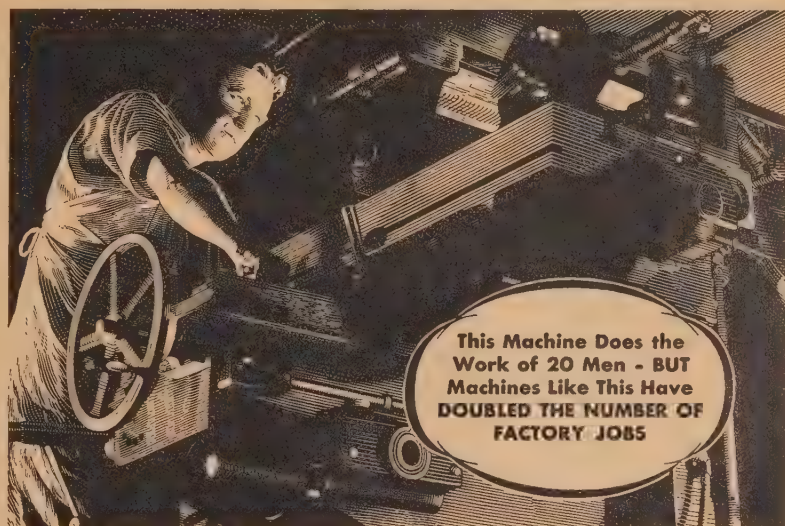
For thirty-six years a Presbyterian layman (an elder in a Cleveland Church) has been teaching agriculture in India, preaching the gospel of the plow six days a week and the gospel of Christ seven days. He is convinced that India can lift itself up only through improved farming methods and by practicing the Christian Way. He had a stateroom reserved on a ship sailing for Bombay this month. He

has canceled. He has been elected Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. He is Sam Higginbottom.

First lay moderator to be elected since Dr. Robert E. Speer in 1927, Dr. Higginbottom is a native and a citizen of England; he has never become an American citizen because he did not want to give up five years of missionary service to India to become one. Indeed, why should he? The gospel has a way of transcending blood-streams; it is more important than citizenship papers.

★

The need of the world today is not so much for more Christians, but for better Christians, for Christians that are filled with the Spirit.—Dr. M. A. Cooper.



AMERICA'S BENEFICENT PARADOX

MACHINES replacing men—yet more men put to work! This startling paradox is responsible for much of America's progress. For although machines are doing jobs that would require many times as many men to do by hand, yet the number of factory jobs has increased from 4 to 8 million in the last 50 years. Why has this been possible?

Why? Because machines have multiplied the effectiveness of men's work, have enabled them to produce more with less effort, have so reduced the cost of manufactured products that more millions of people have been able to buy them. And because more people have bought these products, more men have been employed making them. That is why there are twice as many factory jobs today as there were 50 years ago, and, in addition, millions of other jobs selling, shipping, and servicing the new products.

General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen, by applying electric power to the machines of industry, have done much to make this progress possible. Their efforts today are directed to the task of creating still higher living standards for America.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

90-1271D3



Beyond the clamor of these latter years,
We catch the voices that have long been stilled
Of the ancient fathers, battling their fears,
Yet trusting that the promise be fulfilled,
That "The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed,"
And that they that wait upon Him will be blest.



They built their homes, they set their altars there,
They shaped their documents, they made their laws,
Petitioning the help of God in prayer,
Having in mind one high and holy cause:
Their country—that they might through God's good
grace
Make it a home-sweet, safe abiding place.



By
GRACE
NOLL
CROWELL



This July fourth—the flag against the sky,
The land they left us, ours to have and hold,
God grant that we, their children, keep the high
Bright torch of liberty they lit of old,
Burning beneath whatever blasts may aim
Their fury on its upward lifted flame.



July
1939




CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

IF CHRIST CAME BACK to Germany

By
EVA
LIPS



 THE editors are keenly aware that many readers of *Christian Herald* were either born in Germany or spring from German parentage. It is our belief that they are as bewildered by the course of events in their former homeland as we are who have known Germany less intimately; but if any fact looms clearly above the mass of misinformation which floods the press, it is that

there is eventually no place in the Nazi scheme of things for true Christian worship. This significant article was written by an "Aryan" German who was forced to flee from Germany because of her outspoken criticism of the Nazi regime. She expects to become an American citizen soon.

★ ★ ★

When I was a child in Germany, Christ was real. He was close. He was everywhere. When we strolled through our dark and ancient forests we sang, to calm our uneasiness, "Der liebe Gott geht durch den Wald"—"Our dear Lord goes through the woods." He was there, in the woods, in the streams, in the trees and the

flowers and the birds. And he was also in all the invisible things that manifest the grace of God. He was in our music and our art, in poets' rhymes and scientists' books. He was in the innocence of children and in the laughter of lovers and in mothers' hearts.

I know of no other people whose folktales make the Son of God so plastic a figure within the framework of local customs. In our children's books we learned that He had a kind word even for the fairies and the giants of our fairy tales. As a matter of fact, many of the old German fairy tales collected by the brothers Grimm begin with the words, "At the time when our Lord walked on earth. . . ."

In Grimm's tales Christ is so much a part of German life that He played with the children in the woods of Thuringen. The favorite story of my childhood was the one which showed Him sitting near a campfire with His traveling companion, a man from Swabia. That day, the Lord had been very busy and the Swabian was ordered to prepare a lamb for dinner. He was to take whatever part of the lamb he liked—except the liver, which was to be reserved for his divine companion. But the Swabian ate the liver, and tried to tell the Lord that the lamb had had no liver at all. How we trembled as we read how the Lord made the man confess; how glad we were when the Lord forgave him!

So is it any wonder that when, as a youngster, I sat in our garden digging in a heap of wet sand, I was careful not to cover myself with too much dirt? Wasn't it just possible that our Lord would pass, and want to talk with me?

But something has happened to all that, in modern Germany. Something rather horrible. Christ is not so ever-present along the German road today; He has been driven off by an ex-mercenary from Austria. One has come to power here with a new faith in a new way, and he will not tolerate the presence of any other faith or power that may challenge his. Immediately, when he came in 1933, Adolf Hitler recognized the deep-rooted presence of God in the hearts of the German people, and to safeguard his own power, he immediately started to uproot it. He proclaimed: "Each German possesses two souls. One of them is mine!" He decreed that each German had to make a written statement as to his church affiliation: did he belong to any Church, and why? All those who did not dare answer were listed as "without a creed." Thus Hitler has all Germany neatly divided into believers and non-believers; the only thing wrong with those lists is that they are quite useless, inasmuch as many, many church members are still church members, but Hitler doesn't know it. They were afraid to manifest their belief.

He even took the trouble to invent a new human race, called the "Aryan." Scientists had known that word for years, but they never used it as Hitler uses it; to them, it was the term for a language-family and nothing else. It was all a little confusing. Der Feuhrer decreed that each German of non-Jewish ancestry was from now on an "Aryan." But the Japanese were Aryans, too, he said, for they were "so close to my wealth of thought." We couldn't understand that. We can't understand it yet. We wonder whether the Master could understand it, Himself.

We had read of how Mirabeau, in 1791, had made the French Assembly accept a resolution granting equal rights to Jews and non-Jews, and of how this resolution soon became law for all Germany as well as all France. Now Hitler turned back the wheels of history. Were Christ to come back today, He would find Jewish German citizens ousted from office, from the professions, from the chance to make even a scant living, from the chance to live as decent human beings. He would find the noble records of those cultured Jews of old Germany wiped from the history books; he would find hundreds of living illustrious men and women, writers, scien-



© Ewing Galloway



Wide World Photo

MARTIN NIEMOELLER

Above, Pastor Niemöller, who suffers because he had the courage to speak his convictions. At the left, scenes in the old, peaceful Germany, the land of beautiful churches and cathedrals, of quiet, picturesque villages, of healthy happy people.



tists, musicians, artists, teachers, preachers living in exile, driven out, hounded, persecuted as some of us thought no one could ever possibly be persecuted in the twentieth century. Christ would hardly call that Christian. . . .

He would find the Old Testament forbidden in all German schools—replaced by Streicher's detestable periodical "Der Stürmer," to "teach German children the truth about the Jews"; the words "daughter of Zion" and "Jehovah" are forbidden not only in Jewish synagogues but in Christian churches and schools as well, for "daughter of Zion" is to Hitler "Jewish-Oriental" and Jehovah is the name of a "jealous and bloodthirsty desert demon."

And He would find that what started as a persecution of the Jews has now become a persecution of millions of non-Jews; it is proclaimed that Hitler wants not only to crush the Children of Israel but also "those other poisonous mushrooms"—that term stands for the "stubborn believers" in the two great Christian churches of Germany.

Germany is a Protestant country. It is the country of Martin Luther. Lutheran faith is still strong; while it might be possible for Hitler to wipe out a minority faith like Judaism, it may be impossible for him to wipe out the great majority faith and to destroy the sacred traditions of the masses. So Hitler went at it care-

fully. He made Jesus an "Aryan"! You see, worshipping an Aryan would not yet be treason. But treason came when the Christians began to imitate Jesus, to try to live according to his principles of love, understanding and tolerance. Those were bad thoughts—not the thoughts of Hitler's Nazi state, and therefore dangerous. Christians were to give the hours of the day to the Nazi party; the hours of the night they were to spend in strengthening their bodies in sleep for the military training of the next day. The rest of the time they could spend in practicing their Christian religion and worshipping at their Christian altars—if they dared.

Christ would find in Luther's Germany not one strong band of Christian Protestants, but three divided bands. In the first class are those who have surrendered to Hitler, those in the so-called German States Church; in the second class are those who still hold to the old faith, secretly, behind closed doors, like the Christians in the Roman Catacombs; in the third class are those who are small in number but still ready to fight openly for the faith of their fathers.

Perhaps I can best describe the first class by giving you their official profession of faith. It is this:

"We believe in the National Socialist creed which has been born in the heart of Adolf Hitler during the great struggle of the Germans against all peoples of this earth. We believe that the Almighty God gave back the eye-sight to that soldier of the World War who was blind. In him alone we see the saviour and leader of the German nation. We believe in his holy work 'Mein Kampf.' We swear to execute all commandments which it contains. We swear eternal loyalty to Adolf Hitler."

I will say no more about them; that oath says more than I am capable of.

If Jesus came back, He would surely hunt out the faithful souls in the second class of Protestants: those who have taken their faith underground, to Germany's catacombs. They have the largest congregations; they are the largest group of all. They would make Christ think of the Christians under Nero. Only a month or so ago they held a great meeting in the subterranean catacombs of Berlin; when I heard of it, through a furtive, frightened messenger, I thought of that other furtive, frightened messenger who met his Lord on a Roman road and said to him, "Quo vadis, Domine?"—"Whither goest thou, Master?" Christ would meet many like that in Berlin.

But those who would really thrill His heart are those who refuse the blanket of secrecy, who dare Hitler openly to send them up a German Calvary. In 1933 I heard a minister in Leipzig preach a blazing sermon against the Nazi gospel of "Blood and Soil" on the very day set aside as a holiday to celebrate that awful ideal. That preacher knew that the secret police were waiting for him outside the church door, to hustle him off to a concentration camp; that is exactly what happened to him. Listening to him, and knowing that it was going to happen to him, I sensed the presence of the lost Christ of my German childhood, the very presence of the Holy Ghost.

There are thousands of them in Germany, like this Leipzig minister. They are brave. They are singing in their churches,

unafraid; we will never know how many of them are singing in concentration camps, with death so near! Last January they read a proclamation from their pulpits which began with the words, "Trusting only in the Lord and His words. . . ." The Lord and his words! They dare speak them, even yet. Those old words are giving a new strength to the real Germany. The old hymns—Luther's "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God!"; for instance—are not merely chorals; they are battle songs again, as new and powerful as they were the day Luther wrote them. This is a process of rebirth under pain and strain—an uplift, and not a downfall. Perhaps there is a Divine purpose in the transient reign of Hitler, after all. Perhaps it will blow the dust from the old excitement and blessing.

And I think Jesus would make a pilgrimage out to a certain dark cell in a certain concentration camp where sits in darkness a man named Niemöller, a man who came out of the submarine service of the German Navy in the Great War covered with medals, incorporating everything that Hitler liked. But now Niemöller has joined another Service; he is one of the band who dares to fight for Christ in the open. His yes means yes, his no means no; there is no surrender in the man. He languishes in the horror of Nazi concentration-camp persecution. But in his church in Dahlem, a suburb of Berlin, regular sermons are being preached in his honor! The secret police dare not disturb them, for they are patronized even by high officials of the government. Recently three thousand men and women came to one Niemöller meeting, openly; their minister told them that a church which is merely a slave of worldly authorities has lost its integrity, that it is dignity and liberty which give sense to a Christian church. Three thousand, repeating in spirit the words of fighting Luther: "Here I stand!" There is untold courage in that picture—and untold hope.

Jesus would visit that other persecuted minority—the Catholics. He would see organized mobs turned against the Roman Catholic priests in towns where there happened to be no Jews. He would have seen that last folk festival in Vienna, after the Anschluss, in which was carried a float bearing the figure of a woman kneeling in a confessional-box and receiving the remission of sin by a kiss of her priest. And he would see now, after the Anschluss, the glorification of Planetta the murderer of Dollfuss in the same Vienna, glorified in a festival the motto of which is "Christ died on His cross, weeping. But Planetta went to his death crying 'Heil Hitler!'" He would see the confessional schools destroyed; in 1933, eighty-nine per cent of the Roman Catholic children of Bavaria were in Catholic schools; in 1937 it had dropped to four per cent and in 1938 the last school was wiped out entirely; this, whether we be Protestant or Roman Catholic, is hardly the religious liberty for which Christ died on Calvary.


He would find the Roman Catholic periodicals forbidden to accept commercial advertising; this means their end. He would find the sixth of January, the holyday of the Three Wise Men, turned into a regular work-day. Step by step the concordat Hitler made with the Roman Catholic Church (Continued on page 52)



Wide World photos

Hollywood Has... A HEART

By Janet Mabie

 I WENT looking for the heart of Hollywood because, first and last, readers of *Christian Herald* must go to the movies at least occasionally, and because the movies are Hollywood for most people, I thought they would like to know if Hollywood has something beside tinsel and glamor, something that is warm and substantial.

Among people who read the fan magazines and the Sunday supplements, I have heard it said cynically that Hollywood is a dog-eat-dog kind of place, and that conjuring up its heart is conjuring up something which exists only in the imagination of its press agents. That there is just one thing in Hollywood. One idea. To get into the movies, or to hold your own after you get in. And that everyone is too busy looking out for that problem of his own, to bother about any of the problems of others.

And yet something gave me the idea that that couldn't be strictly true. Going and coming around the mountain passes that bind Hollywood in dull purple chains, I kept noticing that one mountain top, about which everything seemed, somehow, to center, was crowned with a great cross. A cross is not usually a mark of selfishness. Someone must have put it there, deliberately. It must have a meaning for the locality, must be a symbol of some community spirit.

The first person I spoke with about the Heart of Hollywood was Hedda Hopper. She writes a syndicated column about Hollywood, and I knew she would know if the place has a heart, and where you find the evidences that it beats unselfishly.

You've seen Hedda Hopper in the movies a hundred times. A gay, pretty, slender woman with a deep wisdom in her smile, and quizzical eyes. She is no glamor girl in the young, callow, witless meaning of the term, but oh, she is glamorous in the way of a wise and witty woman who has found the secret of giving life poise, and charm, and meaning.

She'd been out of the movies for several years. "People get tired of looking at your face," she said with a laugh free



Wide World photos

of all bitterness, "and there's really just nothing you can do about it except give them a rest. I gave them a rest from mine." Still, she had a young son to look after, and so she had to work, and she took to writing the column about Hollywood, as the place about which she knew best, and people always seem to like to read about it.

Then, last summer, it developed that people had become sufficiently rested from her face for her to go back into the movies. As I write this, I'm going on the morrow to see the first picture she's been in since that rest. And the day I sat opposite her at lunch at the Vendome she was wearing one of the print dresses she wears in the picture. And between making cryptic notes on old envelopes out of her handbag, about the comings and goings and snatches of remarks by the movie people who drifted by the table, she told me some things about Hollywood's heart. She told me about wonderful things done by the successful for the less successful. And she told me about such organized work as The Motion Picture Relief Fund, the Assistance League, the Studio Club. "I want you to be sure and call up Jean Hersholt," she said, "and make a particular point of seeing him. He's the president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund and you'll find it's no mere gesture or honorary title with him. Why I've seen him myself in the Fund offices after midnight, trying to figure out ways to increase an allowance out of an already bitterly stretched budget, when I knew that he had a studio call the next morning for seven o'clock."

Hedda Hopper didn't say that Holly-

Above is Hedda Hopper, famous movie star, but also a lovely mother, for the handsome young fellow with her is her son, William. In the upper corner is Jean Hersholt as Dr. Christian. On the facing page, at the top is Grauman's Chinese theater on a preview night, and below that is the crowd on Hollywood Boulevard at a typical premiere, that of the very successful drama, *The Bowery*

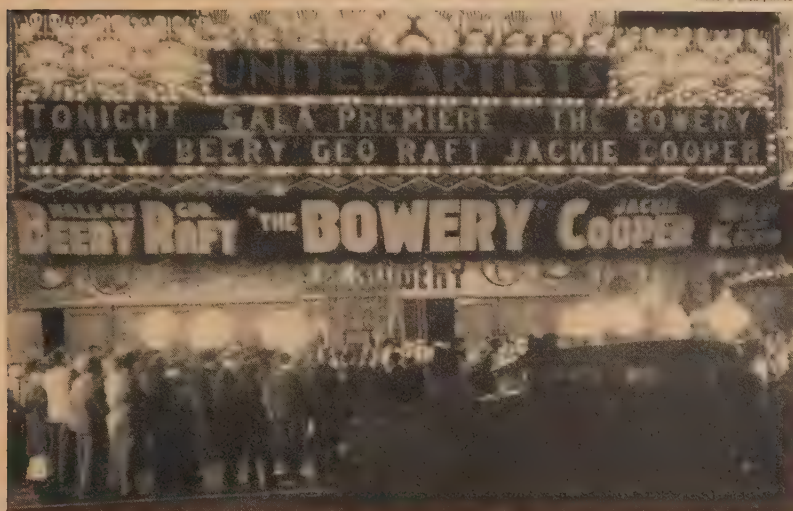


wood does a one hundred per cent job of looking after its own. Perhaps no place ever does. She said, with a touch of anger I thought, that it would surprise you to know of stars, who earn fabulous salaries, who simply refuse to give to the great funds and activities to which individuals—many of them as great, in their day—have had to turn when things went against them in that least predictable of all worlds, the movies. "And yet, do you know?" she added thoughtfully, "I get the feeling it isn't sheer selfishness that keeps them from doing their share. There must be—there *must* be—something else. Anyway, each year people give who didn't give last year, and that's a sign that something has reached into their hearts."

We talked more, about the Assistance League, and the Studio Club, and the individual forms the interest and humanity of certain stars take. And Hedda Hopper wound up by saying that, in a way, Hollywood is young, and it will learn.



Wide World photos



Wide World photos

Learn the old lesson, that "now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity; but the greatest of these is charity."

I went out and walked forty blocks along Hollywood Boulevard one night when fall was—all but imperceptibly—in the air. Twenty blocks up one side. Twenty blocks down on the other. I had been thinking of the east, and of gold and bronze leaves blowing in the streets, and frost in the mornings, because it was October. Here, in Hollywood, the stars overhead were bright and warm; the moon rode blinding white, and it seemed almost ludicrously warm to me for October, yet there was a decided edge to the night wind. I saw boys and girls, looking a little strange and awed by what in a way is the most famous street in the world. I think they had expected it to be all golden and warm, but they were hurrying along the polished granite sidewalks, their shoulders hunched a little in cheap cotton windbreakers, and wearing hats because October is the time when you put on a hat, in the towns they came from.

I walked slowly, observing faces in the ebb and flow of traffic along the sidewalks

which are polished granite. Over all the scene garish light played from flares marking popcorn stands, and the swiftly swinging arcs of giant searchlights, posted in front of theaters to call attention to film previews. I paused before one where a man was bellowing a ballyhoo of the latest super-colossal production of a studio noted the world over for super-colossal productions, and in the crowds that packed the narrow aisle through which arriving stars moved, beaming and blinking in the fierce light of the searchlights, I noticed expressions that threw into relief in my mind a certain grim symbolism between the slippery sleekness of the polished granite sidewalks, and the super-colossal production about to be unrolled on the screen within. I wondered how many there were in those tight-packed crowds who had been impelled to Hollywood by the tradition that the people who have become the great stars of the screen were first noticed just by chance by some director, ever searching for new faces in just such surroundings.

I watched the faces of restless, handsome youngsters whose whole manner and bearing told me they had burnt their

bridges to come to Hollywood for a chance in pictures, and I could see, just as plainly as if they had told me, that they were thinking, "Tonight a director may see me, and give me my chance." I knew that the side streets were full of rooming houses and auto courts, supported out of the slender stores of people who had convinced themselves that, if only they were firm and brave, some day, in Hollywood, a director would see them, and put them in pictures. I came to see that those of us who are mercifully without movie aspirations can hardly understand people who will take such vast risks in a town which has no need of them, and really wishes they wouldn't come to it, lest the wait be too long or too hopeless from the beginning, and they become stranded. But, for all we cannot understand them, the quests are terribly real to those who undertake them.

I saw women with small children I knew they had brought to Hollywood in the absolute belief that here was another Shirley Temple, another Freddie Bartholomew. I watched a woman, with weary eyes and sagging shoulders, but a certain calm strength, an indomitable chin. She sank down on a bench the trolley company posts at intervals for its patrons, and she pulled up beside her a beautiful boy, with a shock of bronze, curly hair, wearing a thin white wool pullover and dark blue shorts and sandals; and she said, "We'll rest here before we go back to that stuffy room, darling. And tomorrow—" And the little boy said, "Mother—we'll never get me in the movies—you heard what the man said this morning. And anyway, I don't wanta be in the movies. I wonder if Dad let my puppy sleep in the house like he said he would, if I let him give the Mother away." And the woman smiled gently and said "I guess he did; and some day you will be able to keep all the puppies and the Mother too—when you're in pictures—my beautiful boy. . . ."

I saw a white-haired man, tall, distinguished, with tired but philosophically gallant eyes. I have noticed him for ten years, in bits and extra parts in the movies. I wouldn't have supposed he was as old as he looked there on Hollywood Boulevard. He stopped to buy an evening paper and exchange a friendly word with the newsboy who is a dwarf and famous among movie people.

The dwarf said, "Hi. How'd it go today? Did yar get the call from Republic?"

"No," the old man said, in a level voice. "Maybe the Reporter got it wrong about the day they're going to begin shooting. But Farley told me sure I'd get the bit, so. . . ."

The dwarf smiled kindly. "Sure—sure—those things take time." A great block of a man, with dark glasses, a cap pulled low, his shirt open at the throat under a rough tweed jacket, and swinging a heavy tulipwood stick, stopped to buy a paper. "Lo, sir," the dwarf said, adding the name of a world-renowned director. The tall old man straightened sharply, smiled slightly and with a kind of eagerness as the director pocketed his change and turned away without having seen the bit-player.

"Well, gettin' a nip in the air," the dwarf said. The tall man strolled away, looking idly in brilliant shop windows. A little further on he bought a nickel bag of pop corn.

He was eating it when he came to the theater where the arc lights were swinging to call attention to the preview. He paused a minute, looking at the crowds lined up to stare. He smiled slightly and sighed. And at the next corner he stepped out of the brilliant lights of Hollywood Boulevard into the shadowy side street which is full of his kind.

And it came to me that it was because of people like this—the woman with the little boy; the boys and girls strolling along Hollywood Boulevard hoping to catch the eye of some director; the old man who plays bit parts—that such organizations as the Motion Picture Relief Fund, the Assistance League, the Studio Club and so on exist. For a long career in Hollywood is the exception, not the rule. It is slow business getting started, and however many admonitions have been broadcast over the country against coming to Hollywood to try to get in pictures unless you have money enough to live without any work whatever for at least a year, people keep coming, with little more than their fares back home, if indeed that much. Some of them find jobs, to support them while they wait. Some get jobs in the movies and make a little money, and spend it as fast as they make it, and then have to turn to some organization for help when it is gone. Others, who have established a precarious foothold as bit players, live on, year after year, managing somehow to get along on the pittance they make. But things can happen to them too. Stepping off Hollywood Boulevard at dusk without seeing an oncoming car. . . . An accident on location. . . . A sickness of some kind, and a need for hospital treatment. Or, under a hundred guises, sudden confrontation with the fact that the public is "tired of their faces." And that is the time when Hollywood must show that it has a heart.

I asked Jean Hersholt and his wife to come to lunch and tell me about the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

He's a shaggy Dane, with a deep, kind voice. His head is more massive, his face less round than they look on the screen, and his whole frame seems much bigger, but his manner is precisely the same. A simple, kind, sincere man, with a low-pitched voice and a pronounced Danish accent. Before he was elected President of the Motion Picture Relief Fund he was a Trustee, and he is chary of making any criticism of people who hold such trusteeships because for a long time, as he says honestly, he allowed himself to be the kind of Trustee whose name is used but who does little in the way of active work.

Mrs. Hersholt is Danish too; a quiet, composed woman with a deep human feeling and busy philanthropic interests of her own. And she spoke up and said, "But since they made him President, he's hardly taken time to eat his meals properly. He flies like mad the minute his work is done at the studio, or on the radio, and he stays at the Fund headquarters until one or two o'clock in the morning. He hasn't gone to a movie with me in six months."

Mr. Hersholt added wistfully: "I collect first editions, but I haven't looked at a first edition in eight months because—oh there's so much to do. You wouldn't believe it, if I told you the names of cases that have come to us, which must be

helped. Those things can't be done when someone has time. The time has to be made, for human beings who need help, can't be kept waiting."

I thought momentarily of the character Mr. Hersholt plays on the radio. Dr. Christian. A country doctor, to whom money comes last in the order of things, and help to his fellow man always and forever first. I thought of the name of the character, Dr. Christian. A strangely suitable name, for the character, and for the man who plays the character, and who was sitting on my right at the lunch table now, telling me about how the Motion Picture Relief Fund operates, and what he would like to see it able to do in future.

The Motion Picture Relief Fund was established in 1921. It's had formative years and now that the machinery for taking care of needy people connected with the industry has been stabilized, the Fund clientele has doubled; for whereas once people who were in want and despairing didn't know where to turn for help, now they know that the Motion Picture Relief Fund is the place to turn.

Here is a typical month in the life of the Fund. In May, 1933, it gave unemployment aid to 222 people, emergency aid to nine. It provided special nurses for five people, medical appliances for six, medical care for 185, dental care for eight, drugs for 120 and major operations for three. It placed fifteen patients in hospitals, eleven in rest homes and six in sanitariums. It conducted three funerals. Provided clothing for seven, transportation for two, made loans for three, gave personal service for thirty-seven and co-operated with other agencies on thirty-one cases.

"Multiply those figures by twelve," Mr. Hersholt said, "and you have a basic picture of our job for one year. In 1933 we spent \$123,484.71 for relief, and in 1937, \$198,144.55. That represented a \$74,659.84 increase in *responsibility*. Month by month, year by year, we know the demand is going to be heavier. But if the demand is to be met, it means we must never relax our vigilance. In 1933, we received contributions of \$148,838.86 and at the end of the year, with all our obligations paid—and we reckon the help we are privileged to give to our friends as our obligations—we had a surplus for the year of \$25,354.15. But in 1937, the story was a different one. We received \$163,822.33 in contributions, but the demands were so heavy that, when the books were closed for the year, they showed a deficit of \$34,322.22.

"The deficit hasn't come out of an increase in the cost of operating the Fund. In fact that cost has decreased. In 1933, we spent twenty-five percent of income for operating costs, and in 1937 only twelve percent. This year we have determined that there shall be no deficit, for a deficit means needy human beings have to be turned away, empty-handed. And I will tell you just one or two stories and see if you think there is any earthly justification for the turning away of these people?"

"Here is a picture of a Tuesday night meeting of the Fund's executive committee. In the offices on Hollywood Boulevard—" you see nothing connected, even with the less happy side of movies ever gets very far away from Hollywood

Boulevard—"there are about a dozen people around a table. Actors, directors, writers, representing the Guilds that participate in the Fund. About a year ago the Fund was completely reorganized, and since then the three talent groups have been running it.

"The whole staff of the Fund, and its medical director are present. The minutes of the last meeting are read. Unfinished business. . . . reports of sub-committees. . . . report of collections, studio by studio.

"A sigh from someone. A lot of money is in the treasury, but not enough. Always a generous total—but never quite enough for all that must be done, for the case load is getting heavier. New applications are pouring in. Daily more people, turning to the Fund. . . .

"It is late in the evening now, but no one allows himself or herself to be tired, for everyone is 'down to cases' at last. Folder after folder is opened. The board hears names, details, past histories, present needs. A director and his wife, who have been aided since 1931. To date \$7,168.76 has been spent, and more is needed. The fund has been supplying rent, food, clothing, medical and dental care. The director had to go to the hospital; nurses had to be provided. His wife's health broke down and she, too, had to go to the hospital. The Fund kept their insurance policies in force. Then the husband died. The Fund paid his funeral expenses, and bought a grave to reserve for his wife when she goes. Until she goes, the Fund will go on, seeing that she is made as comfortable as possible. . . .

"A man and his wife. Writers. In 1935, they faced crises of unemployment, the wife's illness, the care of an invalid daughter and two younger dependent children. The Fund has been providing general maintenance, and it must keep on doing so.

"When we tell anyone outside the motion picture colony about the Fund," Mr. Hersholt said, with a trace of sadness, "they are always inclined to be surprised, for they picture Hollywood as a place where everyone has plenty of money, and life is one long, happy song.

"There was the case which came to us in 1937. An actor, a former star. He applied first for medical attention for his daughter, later for his wife. Subsequently both had to be operated upon, and hospital, nursing and medical bills were assumed by the Fund. Presently the actor's health, also, broke under the strain, and a long-delayed operation had to be performed. Thus the Fund became custodian of the fortunes of the whole family. To date, the total expenditure has been \$1,332.54, but it will continue and it is not possible that the Fund should not continue to assume the responsibility.

"A cameraman contracted tuberculosis following the death of his wife and child. The Fund took care of his going to a sanitarium in 1934 and he has been maintained there ever since."

As the folders are opened in the Board meeting there are no longer mere shadows on papers, but human beings fill the room, looking to the Board, and to the Fund, with the only hope left to them, in their eyes.

The Chairman says, "Of course I hardly need to remind you that everything you

(Continued on page 56)



Illustrator
CHARLES ZINGARO

FOREIGN INVASION

By May Dixon Thacker

Synopsis: The Owens are a mountain family, living in a cabin in the North Carolina Appalachians. Pa secretly runs a moonshine still; Ma is a toil-worn, faded old woman, of excellent stock but illiterate. Milly, nineteen, and Vi, fifteen, are pretty girls, already longing to see the world outside. Jim Hartman and Fred Adair, two real estate men, attempt to buy the cabin, but Ma refuses to sell, keeping her hand on her old family Bible, her most precious possession. Through Hartman and Adair, the girls get jobs as chambermaids in a resort hotel. The girls are smitten with the handsome young fellows, and hope they will be asked to marry them. They have to make a trip back to Split Lick to attend the trial of their brother-in-law, Tunny Sprunt. (Now go on with the story.)



[PART TWO]



I DIDN'T have to decide any thing right then. With trembling hands I began to get together a few belongings for the brief trip to Split Lick in Jakie's car.

Jakie, a lifelong mountain sweetheart, would be coming any minute to take me home for my brother-in-law's trial.

But my thoughts would dance, delightfully, because I had attracted Jim Hartman, a big business man from the North. I wanted him to fall in love with me and

ask me to marry him and yet—I couldn't help but be afraid. I loved every remembrance of his words of flattery; how he once said my hair was like spun gold and my cheeks like fresh rosy apples.

Surely Pappy and Ma would be glad and proud that I attracted so fine a gentleman, but—could Jim reconcile himself to them and their ways?

I had not mentioned Jim at home. Vi, my younger sister, was not so prudent. She boasted of her friendship with Fred Adair, Jim's friend and business partner. Bud Sprunt, in love with Vi almost since she was a baby, hated Fred, and Vi made the mistake of taking up for him. Bud got it out of her that she thought she was in love with Fred. That started fireworks. Bud raged and told Pappy and Ma and they got after Vi. It didn't do any good. Fred had a fine car, to begin with; we mountain girls did love fine cars.

Then Ma told our County Welfare Officer, Miss Martha Wray. She and Ma were fast friends. She seemed a bit too nosy to suit me.

As I put the top on the bandbox and tied it with a string, a car rumbled up outside. "Hey, Milly—you ready?" It was Jakie.

"Coming," I called, going to the mirror to put on my hat. We had no mirror at home. There hadn't been a mirror in that cabin through those four generations.

Poor Jakie! He is so countrified, I thought. But—he's not stupid at that and

could learn the new ways and manners. Always he defended himself with, "I'm makin' money. I own one truck now an' am buyin' another. I'm savin' up, Milly. Fer you an' me. . . Fact is, we got better blood in us than airy one o' these-here 'furriners.' You and me, Milly—we want to set up a home—soon."

Jakie was a dear. I opened the cabin door. He stood on the step awkwardly—dressed in store clothes; tall, like most mountain men but well built; with dark heavy hair and deep-set brown eyes. . . I hadn't noticed before that Jakie was really good looking.

Vi was waiting for us at the Camp Cafe. We stopped in front. We could see her and Fred Adair through the window. They were watching for us and Vi skipped out and got in the car. Jakie let in the clutch and we jerked and leaped forward.

Suddenly Vi exclaimed, "Jakie, fer the luvva Pete, can' you get you'self a better car? This is awful. Bumpin' an' rattlin' an' the engine spittin' an' snortin'! Why can' you have a car like Jim Hartman?"

"I've a-savin' a heap o' money," Iakie explained. "Milly and me's bin keepin' com'ny nigh all our lives. This development business upset us fer a spell. She'll git ready to marry an' settle down right soon, I reckon."

In a short time, we thumped into Split Lick and drew up in front of the cabin. The cabin was old, of course, but it's set-

ting—nestling at the foot of one of the great mountains facing the river, some fifty feet back—was beautiful. For a hundred years, the only approach to Split Lick Cove was on the river. Even then, the road was terrible for five miles.

Hearing the “furriners” rave over our scenery had made us begin to notice it. Often the rich women at Mayfair would say there was nothing in Europe prettier than our mountains.

There was Ma, standing in the door, and her younger children around her. She seemed thinner and more wrinkled and bent—like the old women of the mountains, but she wasn’t old. . . . She wore the same dress—a straight gray linsey tied around the waist with a string. On her feet were the same old shoes, rusty black worn-out men’s shoes, tied with a white string.

“Howdy, Milly,” was her greeting.

“Hello,” I said. “I’m glad to see you, Ma.” And I was.

On the next day, Sunday, came a pleasant surprise. We had a good dinner, chicken and dumplings. Ma’s step held its usual Sunday spring, for when all the work was done, she could listen to the reading of her Bible.

We girls were sitting on the porch steps, our plates on our laps. A familiar figure on horseback appeared, coming down the road through the gorge. It was old Preacher Dobbins; too old to preach in a church, but how that man could read! Every tone was music!

He always found a warm welcome in any mountain cabin. The two older boys put their plates down and ran to meet him and tend his horse. Vi got up, dumped her dinner into a pie-pan—we had no extra plate—washed her plate nicely and Ma dished out in it the steaming savory stew from her iron pot hanging over the wood coals in the fireplace, for the preacher.

An hour later, all of us on the porch were listening to the reading of the Word by Preacher Dobbins. The big Bible lay across his knees. He read the Gospel of John from beginning to end. Ma loved that Gospel. Then we all knelt on the bare plank floor while Mr. Dobbins prayed, with his fine old, wrinkled English face uplifted.

When he had finished and we got up, I looked at Ma. Her face had a radiant shine on it. She was fortified then for whatever life might hand to her.

“A lady offered me a hund’ed dollars fer that Bible,” she told Mr. Dobbins. “Hit’s terrible old and hard to read, ain’t hit?” she asked.

“The words air a bit different. But I wouldn’t sell,” advised the old man.

“I ain’ no notion to,” Ma affirmed.

The next morning, we all went to the courthouse. Pappy and Vi and me together; Ma tagged behind with the younger children huddling around her. The older boys had started at daylight. All of us had to walk, the five miles.

We shoved and pushed our way through the crowds of people that ganged around the doors and over the yard. A deputy

saw us and helped open a lane between the folks.

Inside the room, he wedged a path for us and made some people get up so we could sit on a front bench beside Dolly, my older sister, whose husband, Tunny Sprunt, was to have a hearing before a magistrate for killing his father.

Dolly looked scared. She was holding the baby on her lap with two little tow-headed youngsters clutching around her scant skirts. A place behind us was made for Ma and her kids.

Everybody believed Tully would get off, and he did. It didn’t take very long. He claimed self-defense. He didn’t notice Vi and me in the courtroom. Apparently he didn’t see us. He hadn’t spoken to us for months. Once he told Ma that he didn’t approve of Vi and me and had forbidden Dolly to speak to us.

Everybody saw how Tully and Dolly cut us. Everybody was staring. To think—I had come from Hill Top from a sense of family duty and then to have this happen. Vi tossed her head and giggled. All I could think of was when I could get back to Hill Top. Tully had no right to treat us like that.

Jakie was waiting outside. We all crowded into the old Ford and he took us home.

When we got in sight of the cabin that was ambushed behind the beech trees hard by, nestling in the gorge, who should we see standing at the rickety fence gate but Bud Sprunt and Miss Wray, the Welfare woman.

Bud was a giant of a fellow and he looked primed for fighting. I knew trouble was with us in a big way. I could feel Vi bristling with anger. It looked as if Bud thought she belonged to him, and he was taking high-handed methods to prove it—being there with Miss Wray.

Miss Wray smiled pleasantly and said, “How do you do—all of you,” as we spilled out of the car.

“Howdy,” said Ma, sitting down on a rock in the yard.

Without a word, Vi walked past everybody, and went inside. She had a temper and didn’t like to be crossed.

Miss Wray tried to take the situation in hand, “I had wanted to have a heart to heart talk—alone—with you and Violet,” she said to me.

“You can speak out right here,” I invited.

“But—my dear—”

“Call Vi,” I said to Pappy.

He went into the cabin and came out pulling Vi by the hand. Bud stood around, looking like a thunder cloud.

“Let’s have what’s on your mind,” I prompted Miss Wray, gazing straight into her eyes. “We’re all here. And—please hurry because I intend to get back to Hill Top this evening.”

That seemed to strike a match to something. Pappy had a say: “We mout as well thresh out this matter, one way or tuther, right here now. Milly—you an’ Vi—you’ve had too much head-rein these past months. You bin a-runnin’ wild.

Hit’s high time both o’ you stayed at home and settled down lak respectable gals. You stay here. The p’int is—you can’t go back to Hill Top, now ner never.”

I bit my tongue to hold in a sharp retort. Pappy was like all mountain men, thinking they owned their women-folks.

Pappy talked on, “Bud here—he’s bin a-tellin’ me how as you, Milly, has got a man name Jim Hartman secretly a-runnin’ after you and Vi she’s got a man name Fred Adair. Bud’ll tend to him. . . . But how about this Jim Hartman? Who’s he?”

“Jim Hartman’s all right. He’s a gentleman,” I said.

“How do you know who them men air? They ain’t after no good to you gals,” thundered Pappy.

“You don’t know a thing against either of them,” I countered. “You know nothing about them.”

“That’s the p’int. You don’t neither!” Pappy began to get terribly excited. “How do you know they ain’t married? How do you know they ain’t got a wife an’ children?”



Miss Wray was saying, "As Welfare Officer in this district, I am responsible, under the laws of the state of North Carolina, for every girl under eighteen in my territory"

Here Jakie spoke up, always mild and kind, "Milly ain't a-steddyin' Jim Hartman, seriously. I reckon she'll do what you and me wants, Mr. Owens. I reckon so."

I looked at him appealingly. "I'm sorry, Jakie, but I'm going back to Hill Top."

Pappy was ready with a quick retort. "I won't have my gals a-traipsin' all over Sandy Ridge a-gittin' bad names. Miss Wray thar—she' bin hearing turrrible things."

"I don't care what anybody has heard. We're going to Hill Top," was my final answer.

Pappy began to storm, "You ain't a-goin' to no Hill Top. You're a-stayin' right here." Turning to Miss Wray, he added, "You tell 'em what you tole me."

Miss Wray had been waiting her chance. She had her speech ready, "Many hundreds of families like yours are moving away," she said. "You may have to sell your home and farm where you have lived for a hundred and fifty years. Your family may have to be moved away, re-

settled somewhere. You know nothing of the complex world outside of these shut-in mountains. It is very important that you stay together as a family."

"She's right," asserted Pappy. "She's right."

Miss Wray continued, "Jakie McRoy wants to marry you, Milly. Wouldn't it be better to hold to your family traditions, get married and have a good fine man of your own kind to take care of you?"

"What—fer?" shrilled Vi. "Milly—pretty as she is and educated too—workin' in the cornfields, plowing a steer, cooking, washing, raising younguns one after another. . . . You can please excuse Milly and me from keeping up no family traditions. . . . We're a-goin' back to Hill Top."

Pappy lost his temper. "I'll show you who rules here," he bellowed. "I'll slap the two of you straight into Camarsand."

"You'll do no such fool thing," spoke up Ma. Then she turned to Vi and me. "Milly, you both gotta mind Pappy. Yo'

ain' legal age yit."

Camarsand! It was a State Reform School for Wayward Girls, down in the sand hill country near Pinehurst. The very name struck horror to the marrow of my bones! You were sentenced before a Judge. It was for a term of years like a jail sentence.

That name hung in the silence that followed. Up to that point, Ma hadn't taken any part in the fracas. I had watched her furtively. She had kept her faded eyes turned on the landscape, the only scene she had ever known. She was grieving at all this confusion, this upheaval, this being torn away from accustomed things.

A cowbell was jangling back of her behind the thick laurel that grew so rank all about us. She was thinking how many times she had milked her cow among it, in the light of sunrise and sunset. I saw her notice her beehives that Pappy had cut out of tree trunks. She noticed her hop vines running over the strings she had interlaced across the end of the little porch.

There was her ash hopper and the rain barrel leaning against the damp wall; the althea bush beside the porch where her chickens roosted at night. . . .

Poor Ma! It would well nigh kill her to leave her home. And—all this fuss about her girls. . . . Miss Wray was saying,

"As Welfare Officer in this District, I am responsible, under the laws of the State of North Carolina, for every girl under eighteen in my territory."

"All right," I agreed. "I've no objection."

"I got a lot of objections," piped Vi. "We are not doing anything wrong and we don't intend to," I said. "We got jobs at Hill Top. . . . And—why not? We're not doing anything wrong," I repeated.

Miss Wray said. "I've made arrangements for Violet to enter Penmore as a boarding student. She is not yet sixteen—too young to marry according to the laws of North Carolina." Miss Wray addressed herself to Bud, "You've no objections to that arrangement, have you Mr. Sprunt?"

"Yes, I have objections," blurted Bud. "I'm ready to marry Vi right now. She's plenty old, 'cept fer outside interference. I got the consent o' her parents. I don't see how it's anybody else's business."

"It's my business, I reckon," chirped Vi, crazily. "And I told you I ain' a-gonna marry you, Bud Sprunt."

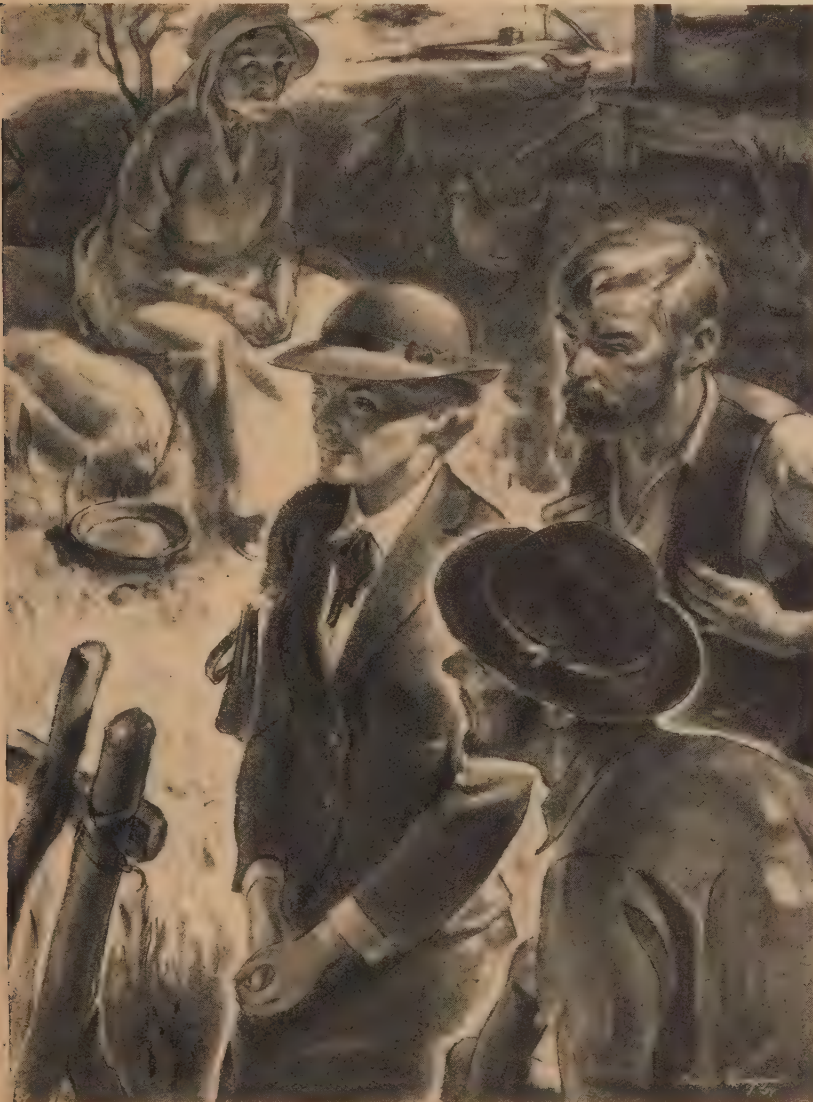
"She'll change her mind," said Pappy, who had calmed down.

"It's also the business of the State, I'm afraid," said Miss Wray. "And—you may force me to unpleasant measures. I will see you in the morning. Good afternoon."

With that, she left. Her car was parked a piece down the road. Ma went into the cabin to cook dinner. But I knew what she'd do first. She'd go over to that old family Bible and put her hand on it and shut her eyes and her lips would move, silently. . . .

Bud and Vi sat—glaring at each other. Presently they followed Ma and the kids. I turned to Jakie; I was nervous and on the verge of tears. Somehow everything seemed to be heading up to bad trouble.

"Will you take (Continued on page 50)





MISS VAN ASCH VAN WIJCK

By Anabel Parker McCann

"PEOPLE abroad have the idea that you here in the United States have no home life," said Jonkvrouwe Cornelia M. van Asch van Wijck just before she sailed for her home in Holland last December.

"But," she added, "I have been glad to find, during my three months of travel over your country, from coast to coast, so many fine families in which home life really means something."

Miss van Asch van Wijck was sitting in one of the spacious and cheerful parlors of the National Board, Young Women's Christian Association, in New York City, speaking in easy English, scarcely hesitating for a word, her fine face lit with enthusiasm and sincerity. Perhaps no other woman of any nation could discuss social conditions with more authority and a broader understanding than this world executive who for eight years was president of the World "Y.W." For she has traveled in many of the fifty-two countries where branches of the organization are working and has come close to their women, studying their home conditions and their relation to the outstanding trends in the social structure of today's world and to world problems.

If seeing ourselves through the eyes of an impartial and highly trained observer should bring a quickened desire to benefit from intelligent and friendly comment, then forward-looking Americans may find much that is helpful in Miss van Asch van Wijck's resume. For she left a

says that when one bother seems smoothed out, a new one rises to take its place. The set-up of political parties in her country, she feels, minimizes labor troubles; government procedure in which stimulation of private initiative takes place has resulted in the promotion of good housing—housing projects that are a delight to the eye; proportional representation is an established fact in the government of Holland and she feels that in this field, at least, the Netherlands can claim to be as effectively democratic as the people of the United States.

Miss van Asch van Wijck makes some observations on social customs here that are sure to evoke different opinions among Americans. But these are the result of first hand observation. For practically all of the three months of her travel here, she was a guest, in city after city, in private homes. "Compared with Holland," she finds, "parents here seem afraid to exert any authority. They bend over backwards to give their children liberty of action. But this has not resulted in a deeper filial respect. It seems to me that too much time is spent by young Americans in going to parties and being entertained, time that might better be given to study. I think this is one question American parents have to solve. I noted with much satisfaction that in most of the families where I visited, grace was said at meals. I should say that the practice is perhaps more general here than in Holland.

"American women seem to be deeply

HOME LIFE

means something

This interview with a famous Holland woman points out the great interest in home life which Holland and the United States have in common

bird's-eye view of what seems to her the outstanding facets of life in this country and she compared them, sometimes favorably, sometimes less so, with conditions in Holland.

She believes that her own small country has made some contributions towards the solution of problems that are still unsolved in this country, although she

interested in the functional activities of their churches. They are quick to espouse a cause. But sometimes, it seems to me, they meet and pass resolutions about it and then think they have done their whole duty. In view of their very keen and intelligent interest in civic and international affairs, it is amazing to me that American women, with all their freedom, have so little direct influence in legislation. That is, they have won few offices, proportionally, in state and national law-making bodies. I expected to find women here a more vital and militant political force."

Club life among women in the United States is a phenomenon such as does not exist in Holland, according to Miss van Asch van Wijck. "Women here are absent from their homes to a degree unknown in my country," she says. "They appear to be constantly going to hotels for luncheons and dinners while our women stay at home. Even Dutch men are not given to hotel meals. Our hotels are for travelers and perhaps that is why they are not bustling and crowded."

As housewives, American women receive flattering praise from Miss van Asch van Wijck. "They run their homes smoothly with much less help than our women have," she states. "They have more labor-saving devices and they do not let themselves get agitated over small things. I think American men hold their wives in high esteem. American families seem to be very adaptable; father, mother and grown son and daughter can all use the same family automobile without interfering with one another. I think that is very nice."

But Miss van Asch van Wijck, it may be inferred, thinks that American women would have considerably more time for their families if they were not distracted by feeling an obligation to read the society pages, the club women's pages, accounts of fashionable weddings describing the bride's gown and gifts, accounts of divorces and of jewels worn on first nights at the opera. "We have none of these things in our daily papers in Holland," she points out. "Even when the Queen holds court, only a few lines are devoted to the event."

It may be that because of these conditions the Dutch have given thought and



At the top is the modern Town Hall at Hilversum, Holland —looking almost like a World's Fair Building. Center, group of municipal dwellings erected by the Government in Gardencity Buiksleet, for aged people. And at bottom is the quaint, neat, little village of Bussum. Photos courtesy The Netherlands Corporation

time to some problems that today have found no solution in the United States. No American, probably, will dissent from the statement that the question of paramount importance here centers around present-day economic conditions. "How can we

find a way," most Americans are asking, "to make the national wealth go all the way around so that unemployment and poverty will cease and at the same time retain stimulus to individual effort?"

"The government of my country," Miss

van Asch van Wijck points out, is strong in its support of private initiative and its housing laws, enacted in 1902, constitute a major influence in this direction. They provide for public ownership of land but private or cooperative ownership of housing." An American, reared in the tradition that a nation of individual home owners is an incontrovertible evidence of national stability, is surprised to learn that Hollanders of today have discarded this theory. They demand town planning; and cities such as Amsterdam already have their official development plans made for as far ahead as the year 2,000,—plans that provide for growth through purchase and improvement of succeeding outer rings of land year after year.

As few as ten or a dozen workers can ask for a loan for a housing project which they wish to occupy, to be amortized over 50 years, with the land on a long term lease. The first cooperative housing project was built as far back as 1851. Workers' homes in the new developments are built alongside private estates but are so attractive that no objections to this mixture are made. It is said that these cooperative housing projects have proved themselves to be the best possible kind of business investment; that ownership by the workers has lessened drinking and crime; that the sanitary conditions created have caused decrease in tuberculosis and that cooperative ownership inclines the working man to favor private initiative.

One begins to speculate, after talking with Miss van Asch van Wijck, whether provision for cooperative ownership by residents in the vast housing projects in the United States now under joint federal and municipal control, might not have far reaching educational value here. This is a subject so vital not only for today but for the future, that special interest centers around the system now in operation in Holland. For housing, next to food, is a paramount material necessity and the kind of place a human being lives in and his own relation to it, colors his outlook on all other life relations.

Miss van Asch van Wijck in her visit here could not fail to note the prevalence of strikes as labor's major weapon of protest. "But sometimes," she feels, "your strikes seem directed merely towards securing some minor good for a small group rather than against some important and general point of injustice that affects a large group. I think our political set-up prevents this unimportant kind of strike for it automatically creates a set of checks so that a strike is practically impossible unless it is for an objective that is widely recognized as a point of justice.

"The lines between our political parties are drawn according to philosophies of life—Roman Catholic, Protestant, social-democratic and liberal. We have proportional representation in our lower House of Parliament with approximately 100 members in it. Out of this entire group, each division definitely representing a special constituency, we have a few Communists and Fascists, and larger groups, fairly equal in numbers, of Social Democrats, Catholics and Protestants. Now, when a strike is projected, it is evident that there will be, among the workers, men of each political party. The objective, therefore, must be one that ap-

(Continued on page 52)



DRAWING BY
EARL B. WINSLOW

God's Image in Red



Parade of BROTHERHOOD

[PART FIVE]

By FRANK S.
MEAD

AT PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS, where the Pilgrims landed, stands a statue of Massasoit. He was chief of the Wampanoags, and he shows it; he is every inch an Indian king. We look at him there, at his fearless eye, his proud high head, his outstretched hand. We have called him savage and noble Red Man. In our minds he has been the symbol of a barbarian and of God's image in red. We hear a great deal of what his red brothers did to us, but infrequently of what our white brothers did to them. That is one of the darkest chapters in American history.

When the first white man came, the Indian owned the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He roamed as he pleased. Living in a well-stocked wilderness, he hunted and played and fought when necessary. This world was his own until the first white soldier's blunderbuss poked through the forest underbrush; then he began stepping back.

That was not always the case. In New England, for instance, John Eliot showed the red man a better way. One morning the banks of the Charles river swarmed with Indians. Shouting, screaming Indians were running everywhere, axes and tomahawks in their hands, hacking at the trees and throwing rocks into the water. If a Puritan soldier of the nearby town of Natick, Massachusetts, had crept up through the forest and found them, he would have rushed back to his fellow-settlers with the news that the Indians were on the warpath and getting ready for another massacre. But the red men had no war-paint on their faces. They were cutting down trees and clearing the land of rock to build themselves a town like the ones the Puritans lived in. A town of log houses, with orderly streets, and a schoolhouse and a blockhouse in the center. It was one of the rarest sights in

all the history of old New England.

On a hill, directing them, stood a straight, stern Puritan gentleman. This was Eliot, known throughout the colony as a fearless Christian minister who loved the red man as well as the white. He was a strange sight, there on that hill. He had been educated at Cambridge; he might have been standing in the pulpit of some rich old English church, but he chose to be here in the midst of a wilderness. In him was a great dream. He dreamed that these Indians were the children of God; he dreamed that he could make them Christians; he believed that he could better their condition and make life in the colonies more peaceful by working with them. They liked him. They built a room for his use in the schoolhouse.

But elsewhere the white man was less wise.

From Spain came Cortez, De Soto, Ponce de Leon and their men. Tens of thousands died as the Old World explored the New. The Indians retreated. Some were sought for and saved by missionaries. More died under the advance of soldiery.

New Spain gave way to New France—La Salle, Cartier, Champlain, Joliet with Father Marquette in his long canoe. The priest raised his cross over the Indian village; the soldier bought or stole his land. The Indian retreated further.

Then came the English, to Virginia and New England. The aroused Indian made another attempt to keep the country that was being taken from him. But the new forces had superior arms and numbers.

The luckless red man moved deeper and deeper into the forests, losing forever his hunting grounds to the invaders.

In the midst of exploitation, missionaries labored valiantly. They came with every boat. John Eliot preached to the Indians; so did Roger Williams, John Wesley, David Brainerd, the Lutherans, Campanius and Megapolensis. Then the wagon trains moved westward, and the Indian came, through the years, to his last refuge, the reservation.

Just after the Civil War the missionary began a real effort to help these first Americans. He found them living in lonely wickiups on the desert, in grass huts with a hole in the roof for a stove pipe. Thousands were sleeping on the floor or on beds of rabbit skins, eating wild berries, game, seeds. The Indian art and culture was fast disappearing. The despair



At the extreme left is the artist's conception of John Eliot directing the Indians in their building operations. Center is a fine old Indian chief of a type similar to Massasoit. Above, a Navajo woman weaving a rug in Wild Cat Canyon on the Navajo reservation

of a conquered people had settled upon them. They formed a lonely red island in a white sea.

Into that situation rode the home missionary. He faced the hopelessness of the Indian, the indifference of the white man. And he started two things at once: he set up an altar to create a new faith, and he set up a school to create a new knowledge.

Into the Crow country went Dr. W. A. Petzold, one of the first to volunteer for the new crusade. He and his brother circuit riders crossed mountain passes and rivers before there were bridges; they left the main roads and slept in the forests and woke many a morning to find their blankets covered with snow. They set up day schools in strategic centers; the Indians began to drift in, aware after many months that they had some friends among the whites, after all. In time we began to hear of Indian chapels built in the wilderness and desert; in time we heard of Haskell, Carlisle and Bacone.

On a hill beyond Muskogee, Oklahoma, three men knelt to pray; they were white men, and they knelt on land just turned over by the Creek Indians to the American Baptist Home Mission Society for the building of a school. The three were dedicating the ground, planning the first school of college grade for Indians in the United States. They named it Bacone College, for Almon C. Bacone, a teacher in the old

Creek Male Seminary, a government institution.

No whites need apply at Bacone; it is one hundred per cent Indian. And it is more than a college: it is a three hundred acre study in Christian education. There are still "old grads" alive who finished in the first class of 1885; to that commencement came a group of students standing up in lumber wagons, driving the thirty miles from Tahlequah to Muskogee over roads that were trails full of mud holes. One of them gave nearly thirty years of missionary service among the tribes of Western Oklahoma.

But there are also children on this campus. It is the site of the Murrow Indian Orphans' Home, as well as of Bacone. Recently there arrived at Murrow from Panama one Adoniram Judson Iglesias and his brother Claudio, thirteen years of age and homeless. They were welcomed to their new home by John Frost Jr., a Crow Indian from Montana.

Panama and Crow—and forty other tribes from fourteen states, roam this campus. There are Narragansetts from Rhode Island, a Seminole from Florida, Creeks, Sioux, Choctaws, Poncas. Their fathers struggled with each other and the white man; at Bacone and Murrow their sons are studying the white-and-red designs for living, merging them, creating a new Indian life out of the best of both.

There is an Art Lodge at Bacone, made

of native stone, an eloquent reminder of the Indian art of yesterday. There is a home demonstration and practice house, a little log cabin like so many of those back in the hills from which the students came and to which they will some day return; in this cabin they practice the difficult business of making a plain home beautiful. There is an accredited junior college and students have access to the nearby state normal school. Some of them stay on at Bacone after graduation as faculty members. (One of these is Ace Blue Eagle, Creek, Head of the Art Department, and one time lecturer at the World Conference at Oxford, England, on Indian Art.) Most of them scatter after commencement, out among their own people, teaching, advising, helping, lifting.

One girl came to the campus a timid, frightened youngster. She studied education; today she teaches bravely in a shack sixteen miles off the highway. Sometimes she is paid, sometimes not. Just to be sure of her meals, she lives at home, riding that sixteen miles over the mountains to her schoolhouse in the morning, sixteen miles back at night.

Another Bacone girl in another Indian village teaches school five days a week, holds religious meetings every Wednesday night, a literary society once a week and a sewing circle for women once every two weeks. When she first came she boarded in a shanty; there were holes in the walls and the wind and the rain and the snow came through. The United States government thought so much of what she was doing that it built a house and presented it to her, gratis.

A Cherokee graduate gave up an easy teaching job to go out to a difficult Indian settlement. Teaching there, she found, only took five hours a day; the other hours she filled with visiting the homes of parents who didn't see the value of schoolhouse education, who let their children grow as they would. Incessantly, the young teacher visited and talked; tirelessly she discussed sanitation and vaccination and school. She rode in a wider and wider circle. You could tell how far she had gone by the condition of cleanliness, the ring of intelligence and good health she was drawing with her daily rides. The life of the entire community changed; now it rolls around the little schoolhouse, as a wheel around a hub.

Young Louis Rhodd graduated in the class of '34; he was the first Ponca to gain a college degree. In September he was driven to a Choctaw village near Bascome. The driver dumped him out in front of an old deserted Methodist meeting house, waved goodbye and drove off. Rhodd looked at his "schoolhouse." Windows were out, window frames gone. There were cracks in the floor an inch wide. There were no seats, no desks; only a tottering platform at one end of the room, a dingy playground for spiders.

Rhodd settled down to his job. He found a house to sleep in a quarter of a mile away, but he didn't sleep much. He repaired the windows; he got the county superintendent of education to give him a new floor, and announced his opening day. Thirteen came when he rang the bell; a week later there were nineteen, all Choctaws, and only three of them had ever seen a schoolroom before. Ages: four to seventeen. (Continued on page 51)



A House Needs A Husband

By ALICE BOOTH

IT REALLY wasn't Anne who needed a husband—it was the house. Anne stood just as firmly on her slim little brown oxford feet as she had stood since she was fourteen. She managed perfectly well alone. Her bills were all paid. She ran herself beautifully. And always she was as trim and shipshape as anything you ever saw in all your life. But the house—

Words cannot express the needs of the house. The house was battered and ragged and down at the heel. Shingles curled from its sloping eaves. Ivy ran all over its windows and tried to smother it. The porch drooped like a flag in wet weather, and it was evident that soon someone would have to take a hand. And as for bills—why, the bills on the house were never paid. No one knew that better than Anne.

She had no intention of deserting it, however. It was her orphan child, and though it was ruinously extravagant—as all children are—it repaid her for every investment in the shining, angelic way that children do—with smiles and a beaming face and shining eyes.

The house was more than a house to Anne, more even than an orphan child. It was a passion and an obsession and all the years of her lonely childhood.

Naturally she wasn't going to give *them* up. It was all the reading of Robin Hood before blazing fires on nipping winter evenings. It was all the running out in summer dawns to see what God had been doing to the garden overnight. It was all the lunches in blue and gold summer noons on green grass under old trees, and all the dreaming of the wide world in the glow of painted sunsets. It was all the games of childhood, that house, and Anne loved it with more than human persistency and stubbornness.

It was new, too, this having a house to love and take care of. Before, Anne had been only a careless, happy girl, but haunted by a persistent desire which she indulged on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. The office knew her failing. Especially Tom, the art editor knew it. Week evenings Anne was always ready to go for a bus ride, or to a movie, or to a restaurant with him—except when she was doing those same things with Walter, who was in the legal department of the firm. But on Saturdays and Sundays, Anne was just a little girl looking for a home and never finding it.

There were no homes any more, she often decided—just things built for a period, not for people. There were millions of houses, she thought in discouragement, but no homes where you could really live as people ought to live. Imagine a taffy pull in, that Southern Colonial! Why, there weren't even any back steps to it, and everyone knew that a home must have back steps. And woodsheds—why wood-

sheds were what you spent all the rainy days in, and Anne looked for years without seeing even one woodshed. People kept their wood in the cellar, and you know that's not right. The cellar had to be kept clear for flowerpots and old boxes and cobwebs and jelly glasses and sleds. Just as the attic was the place for strings of dusty red peppers, and old trunks full of hoopskirted dresses and tall bonnets—and grimy magazines with all the stories you had ever liked, and flowerseeds tied up in paper bags, and bathing suits, and broken furniture.

Oh, Anne knew perfectly well what she wanted. Every detail had been rankling for years in her starved and homesick heart. Through a lifetime of just one boarding school after another, through years of summer camps, she had evolved her ideas. It took only one or two holiday visits to some of her schoolmates to teach her just what a home should be; and life in hotels, after school days were done, only etched the pictures deeper in her heart.

There was no compromise for Anne. No one room and kitchenette trifling with the heart's desire. A house or nothing. A home house. And she hunted hither and yon. Mr. Smith helped her sometimes when Anne became discouraged and gave up the quest for weeks and weeks. Then there was sure to be a telephone call. Mr. Smith had another prospect—not just exactly what she wanted, of course, but still

she'd better see it.

So Anne put on her hopeful face and took the first train. And always Mr. Smith, in his bright blue car, was waiting for her, blue eyes smiling, golden hair brushed in smooth crisp crinkles. And if Anne sometimes wondered why Mr. Smith always elected to meet her at a station at least twenty miles from where they were going, why she stopped herself firmly and reminded herself that Mr. Smith was All for Business. Never had he mentioned anything to her but business—and his success as a rising young realtor.

And then, one day Anne found it! She was driving with Mr. Smith, the real estate agent, at the time, driving past Dutch Colonials, and American Colonials, and Spanish haciendas, and Italian villas, and just tax-exempts, when she saw it first; just a glimpse down a side street, a flash of dripping ivy, of battered pickets, of a sagging porch roof—and Anne screamed and pointed.

"I want to go there," she said. "Quick! Before it gets away. There—did you see it? *There* around that corner. Faster! Here it is! I want it!"

While Mr. Smith sat in his car eyeing her disapprovingly, she leaped out and leaned on the gate and looked. There it was—a home. A lean-to roof proclaimed something that might possibly be a woodshed. And was! Disreputable bushes, without any sense of order and restraint, spread themselves in the sun. Rotting shingles gave a pleasant odor of decay. But the front door stood open, and a sta-



Tom started on the high steps, Anne on the low ones, in her worst smock, sitting crosslegged on the floor. She was happy, happy, happy, painting her very own house



Illustrator EARLE WINSLOW

old house, the torn carpet in the hall beyond.

As she watched, an old figure tottered into sight—in from the back yard that, seen down the little passage, was one tangle of sun-colored blossom and light—a bent old figure that tottered on a cane, preceded by a cracked voice issuing testy commands.

"Get on away from here now, and take that pesky real estate man with you! Tain't no use. I won't sell. Get on with ye, now. You do as I say."

Anne's heart sank. Her face was as disappointed as a child's. "I don't suppose you do want to sell," she said. "I know if it was mine, I wouldn't part with it for a fortune. But mayn't I just come in and look around? And is that a woodshed out there? And have you an attic, with old trunks and red peppers? And oh, please, could I—could I have some flowers? And if you wouldn't sell, would you, maybe, please take boarders? I'd try not to give any trouble," she volunteered hopefully.

The odd figure peered at her in doubt. "Boarders? You mean you want to *live* here?"

"Oh, *do* I!" wailed Anne, sincerity rampant in her tones.

The odd figure came closer yet and peered into her face.

"You don't want to pull it down and build a bird house or something?"

"Pull it *down*!" exclaimed Anne. "Why, I've been looking for years for a house like this."

She opened the gate, noting delightedly that it did not swing on its hinges; you lifted it up and set it down again, and there it stayed, sloping pleasantly—and trailed after the old man.

At the door she paused, in sudden remembrance. "You needn't wait," she called back to the stupefied Mr. Smith. "I don't know when I'll be going back," and trailed absentmindedly through the little hall to the back yard beyond.

"Look around you all you've a mind to," offered the old man grudgingly. "See everything. 'Twon't do ye no good, though. I ain't to be fooled so easy."

But he followed her everywhere. He listened to her exclaim over the shells on either side of the battered hearth, and nodded pleasantly as she listened for the roaring sea, pink cheek against pink cheek. He watched her petting the flowers and the iron deer in the zinnia bed. He saw her smooth the red table cloth and peep in the album on the parlor table, and settle herself for an absorbed half-hour with the dusty stereoscope.

"They had one of these at Hazel's grandmother's," she confided. "I remember visiting there with Hazel when I was twelve. But I think you have a much better selection of views," she conceded conscientiously.

Old Mr. Barnes tottered after her wherever she went—stood leaning on his stick as she finally sank down on the battered cellar door.

(To next page)

tionary rocker, reseatd with Brussels carpet, tottered bravely on the porch.

"It's no use," said Mr. Smith, speaking to her back. "Old Man Barnes won't sell. Best lot in the manor, too. Ten million people have tried to buy it. It's an eyesore to the whole place. I won't go in. The last time I was up here, with a fine chance of ten thousand cash—Jones, the big soap man who owns the place above,

wanted to build a pergola down here for the river view—the old man threatened to use a shotgun on me. I think he meant it, too. Half crazy, he is."

Anne did not hear. She glanced back once, but, seeing Mr. Smith still sitting, returned to her happy musing. Her eyes took in lovingly each detail; the weeds, the old mud-scraper by the iron steps followed by feet that had come to the little

The river shone like polished glass. The Palisades opposite propped a translucent sky. The white boats gleamed on their mysterious ways. White clouds sailed the turquoise sky above. You could sit on a hot cellar door, with a rough shingled house at your shoulders, surrounded by your own hollyhocks open to the bumblebees, and own it all—broad river, ferocious Palisades, arching sky.

Anne was in a daze of contentment and peace and furious, passionate envy.

"You don't need to wait for me," she said to Mr. Barnes, as she had said earlier to Mr. Smith. "I don't know *when* I'm going. I like it here. I love it here. And I don't know when I'll be able to persuade myself to go home—to a hotel!" she said with honest loathing.

Mr. Barnes cackled like an ancient gnome. "So ye like my house, do ye?" he suggested. "Want to buy it—an' pull it down to build a bird house. I know their tricks. You ain't the first that's tried to pull the wool over my eyes. But I will say I've enjoyed it," he admitted, horribly gallant.

Anne looked at him. "Look here," she said, her voice earnest. Her eyes were true. "Would you want to sell it if you were *sure*—sure it would stay just exactly as it is, I mean?"

Mr. Barnes' wrinkles gathered, then spread, in expression of two impulses. "Well, I'll tell you the truth," he said, "I would. But I can't trust nobody. And I won't have the house torn down. I built it myself for me and Maria, just after the Civil War. I'm a carpenter by trade. An' the house served us well. I won't have it pulled to pieces just because a man's got money."

Anne got up and came very close. She swallowed once, then again. Her blue eyes were big with excitement. Old Man Barnes knew he was beaten at last.

"I want it just the way it is," promised Anne. "I'll never tear it down. It's a home; it isn't built in a period. There must be some way to fix things up—a promise, I mean. It could be put in the deed, couldn't it? Lawyers," said Anne, with bland innocence, "can do anything."

Mr. Barnes chewed thoughtfully on nothing. "How much money have ye got?" he snapped.

"Three thousand seven hundred and eighty-two dollars," boasted Anne.

Mr. Barnes chewed again for a long time. "Well, for five years I've been wantin' to go live with my brother Bill. Bill's gettin' old," said Mr. Barnes plaintively, swaying over his cane. "Bill needs someone to look after him," said Mr. Barnes pityingly. "He's got a good house in Sprinton—not as good as this, though. If it can be fixed legal, you can have it."

"I won't tear it down," promised Anne, her eyes shining. And then her face clouded. "But maybe—I'll have to prop it up in some places," she worried. "You wouldn't mind that would you?"

Mr. Barnes' face crinkled. "You won't need to do any proppin' in fifty years," he guaranteed. "That porch, of course—" he said vaguely. "And maybe some new shingles. But that frame is as sound as the courthouse. I laid those beams myself. Every door swings true. Not a window sticks. And you can't find a crack in the

plaster anywhere. I'd have fixed the porch before now, but ye see—" He hesitated. "There's a mortgage. I just couldn't seem to keep it goin'. I don't get so many odd jobs as I used to. That mortgage—it rolls around. But you're young. You can manage. I never had no trouble with it when I was young."

"You give me the three thousand, and you can have the house just as it stands, furniture and all; only I'll take the organ; Bill's a master hand at an organ—" "I don't play," interpolated Anne—"an' the marble-top table," the old man went on, "I always did like a marble-top table for my meals—saves washin'."

"I'm not used to them," deprecated Anne.

"An' Maria's picture—you wouldn't miss it."

"But *you* would," guessed Anne immediately. "And do," she suppressed.

"All the rest you can have and welcome," he said.

"But I've got *more* money," objected Anne. "I've got seven hundred and fifty



COUNTRY

When I grow weary of the crash

Of sounds that clamor from the throng,
I steal away to find a brook

And lean above its liquid song.

When I grow tired of the scowls

Of faces marked with city guile,
I turn to where the lilac leaves

Reflect the dawning with a smile.

When I grow faint from fetid airs,

That rise where crowds forever pass,
I stumble out to meet the fields

And revel in the fragrant grass.

Edgar Daniel Kramer



dollars more, after I've paid you the three thousand."

"Keep it," said Mr. Barnes magnificently; and then, ominously, "You'll need it." He leaned forward and prophesied in sepulchral tones. "*For the mortgage*. It rolls around."

The mournful wail of an auto horn resounded through the sunshine, from far down the hill. Mr. Smith was coming back.

Anne went out to meet him. She opened the gate and closed it. It was her gate now. She stood on the curb fairly bursting with news.

Mr. Smith looked at her quizzically, pityingly. "Enjoy yourself?" he queried. "Very much," said Anne demurely. "I've bought it. It's *mine*!" Try as she would, she could not keep her voice quiet. It soared.

Mr. Smith looked at her and his eyes popped. "My land!" he said. "How much did you give him?"

"Three thousand," said Anne. "But there's a mortgage."

"My land!" marveled Mr. Smith. "What a help you would be to me in my business!"

His face changed. Doubt, shock, ques-

tion, conviction registered themselves in turn. He looked at Anne in a new way. Never was he the same to her again. He had always been kind. Now he became benevolent. The rising young realtor had made his inclinations and his business sense balance at last.

Anne never could have got through all the work of buying the house without him. He attended to the deeds and titles and did more than any three men could have done.

She saw a great deal of him in the days that followed. And of Walter and Tom, nothing, for of course there was no point in dragging them to all these business formalities; and besides, Mr. Smith was attending to everything anyhow.

One day it was all done. One day she no longer had three thousand dollars in the bank. One day she packed up and left her hotel room with all the happiness a heart can hold.

Walter and Tom were not at the station, but Mr. Smith met her in the blue car, and the sun shone bright and the hill was green and gold with summer.

Mr. Smith drew up at the gate and made a great bustle of unloading bags and boxes, and putting them in their right places, while Anne subsided on the cellar door limp with emotion. She couldn't talk. She could only feel. And when Mr. Smith came out all full of efficiency and questions about whether she had ordered any ice or any groceries for over Sunday, she could only shake her head at him in blissful inertia.

In a moment he was busy with a notebook. "I'll send you up ice and things from the village," he promised. "Leave the order now as I go down the hill. I hate to hurry off like this, but I've got to meet a prospect on the three-thirty." He looked at his watch worriedly. "You won't be lonesome, will you? Well, goodbye—I'll send up everything."

And he was gone.

It was heavenly, being all alone with it. The sun shone hot. A heat haze drifted in long veils above the river. The sky was blue and empty. The hollyhocks were going to seed. Katydid scraped their tiny fiddles in the long grass. Peace—time—endless time—not a subway to catch, not a streetcar or a fire-engine passing. Just hot August sunshine, and the world all yours.

It was only the sun, which grew hotter as the afternoon rolled by, that ever moved Anne from her cellar door. She strayed into the cool shade of the little house and looked about her with the air of a queen. The little parlor, with its wide brick hearth, a bright bronze square above it where Maria's crayon enlargement had once hung. A bright square on the threadbare carpet where the marble-topped table had once stood. And against the inside wall another bright oblong where the organ had spent its life. Bereft of their presence, the room was charming. That one tiny table was perfect, with the funny little sofa pulled out beside the fireplace, as soon as Anne's own fat little coffee set was on it.

Frantically she jerked the two pieces into place and then tore out to the kitchen for her box. The coffee set was in it—she could have it unpacked and in place in three minutes. Actually it was two. And

(Continued on page 46)



MARGARET SANGSTER'S PAGE

Are You a Dictator?

NOWADAYS we are all dictator-conscious. Stories come to us from across the sea—tragic stories that speak in desperate terms of intolerance and cruelty. Some of this cruelty is physical, but—and this is by far the worst—some of it is spiritual cruelty. One can bear bravely a bodily hurt, but when the mind and soul are being battered to a pulp, hope dies a dark and dreadful death.

We Americans live in a country that was settled by people who passionately desired freedom from oppression. Our land was dearly bought—it was baptized in blood and tears—that this freedom might be preserved. The result is that we, of all the world, dare speak our minds without restraint, and express opinions that mirror our inner selves. Dictator is only a grim word to us, for in the United States tyrants have never been permitted to survive.

And yet, although we know dictators only by ugly repute, some of us—in a small way—possess the dictator complex. This statement may shock you, but it is true. We don't call ourselves dictators, of course—indeed we are very apt to wear other labels such as "Good Mother" or "Careful Father" or "Conscientious Friend." Yet, inevitably and surely, under this kindly mask, we are imposing our will upon other people.

Only a week ago I dined with a family who live in the next township. There are just three members to this family—a mother, a father and a fifteen-year-old son. The boy has artistic talent—rather unusual talent. Even now—and he is just a lad—he can sketch a portrait that mirrors a speaking likeness. It isn't only in portraiture that he shines, either. During my evening at his home he showed me another example of his work. It was a water color that he made of a corner of the flower garden, and it was breathtakingly lovely.

With all of his being, this boy desires to devote his life to becoming a painter. He realizes that there would be a grave struggle connected with so establishing himself. He realizes also that he might never achieve financial success. And yet every instinct urges him to expand and enrich his talent.

The boy's father and mother adore their only son, but they are not in sympathy with his dream. The father, you see, is a doctor, and his father before him was a doctor, and family tradition urges that the son should also be a doctor.

At the dinner table an argument arose through which the boy sat stony-faced and silent. It was an argument between the parents and myself.

"Bob does not want to be a physician," I said, "therefore he won't be a good physician. But—" I hesitated to let this sink in—"if you allow him to be an artist

he may well learn to be a *doctor of souls*. The world lacks beauty just as desperately as it lacks health, and Bob's pictures will lessen this lack. In the years to come, if he is allowed to follow his ambition, he will bring surcease to the beauty-starved."

Well, as the evening progressed, I realized that I was beating my head against a stone wall. The father and mother met my every argument with kindly but slightly superior smiles. When I started home—exhausted from the battle—the situation was quite unchanged. I knew—with a sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach—that in a few years Bob would enter medical school. His parents? Oh, they will continue to smile as they watch the boy's progress through a career that he despises. Their feelings would be very hurt, I'm sure, if anybody so much as suggested that they are dictators.

I know a woman who is an invalid. She is close to forty, now, and she has been a cripple since she was in her teens. She is sweet and patient and gentle, but beneath her very gentleness there is a thick layer of determination. It is the determi-

JULY AFTERNOON

The shadows slide across the velvet grass
In patterns frail and gossamer as lace—
The drowsy leaves nod as the breezes pass,
The larkspur is half elfin in its grace.
A bird drifts silently against the sky
To meet a cloud as soft and white as fleece;
Late sunlight warms a vivid butterfly—
Here, in my garden, there is joy and peace.

But sitting quietly among the roses,
I watch a beetle make its stealthy way
Deep to a blossom's heart, where life reposes,
And start to eat that lovely life away.
"Ah, so is hate," I muse, "that lives on life—
God pity every nation close to strife!"

My Letter . . .

THIS letter is very short—indeed it is scarcely a letter at all. I prefer to think of it as a prayer. . . .

"I feel, in these troublous times, that we should do an extra amount of praying. Whenever I am idle for a few moments I compose my heart and brain and say a few words of supplication. If everyone in the world would do an extra amount of praying I think that the accumulation of prayers would temper the misery that hangs over us like a storm cloud.

"I have a special prayer that I say when I am in my kitchen, cooking. I have another that goes with darning, and another that I say on my knees when I am scrubbing the floors. When I am in my garden, I say the most precious prayers of all. This is one of them:

"Dear God—Beautiful flowers grow out of the ugliness of the dark dirt. Let beautiful thoughts blossom from dark minds, *if it be Your will*. Amen."

nation to keep a brother and sister, both slightly younger than herself, at her beck and call.

"Oh, you mustn't stay home with me," she'll say to the brother when he has an invitation to attend an evening party. (Inevitably she ends by accepting the sacrifice, and Harry stays home from the party!)

It's the same with Sister Sue, who is in her early thirties, and pretty.

Both Harry and Sue have had chances to marry—several chances. Harry would make a fine husband. Sue would be a charming wife and mother. But somehow they have never married, and their friends realize—with real grief—that they never will.

Sometimes a hand stretched out in friendship will raise a despairing person to the heights of peace. But when a hand is stretched out in the sort of friendship that is tempered by selfishness, its lifting power is very meager! Such a hand is often a dictator's hand—in a velvet glove—and the weight of it can crush our American tradition.



LAST month, we made a preliminary review of the "National Health Act" of 1939. We discussed its origin and principles and something of its relation to the personal affairs of every citizen in every community. We pointed out that the "National Health Act" was misnamed. It is concerned with "disease." It is not a "national program." It treats most of the nation's health work as if it never existed. It concentrates its attention on three Washington bureaus only. It doubles and redoubles the power of these three bureaus. One of them, the Public Health Service, is old and well tried. It will be delivered to the rule of the new Social Security Bureau, where all medical matters will be decided by these bureaucrats. The Children's Bureau will come under the same auspices. These three bureaus will spend enormous sums which are to be collected from the American people. This Act is highly approved by the Communist party. It takes America a long way along the road toward a totalitarian state and does it all with perhaps the best possible intentions.

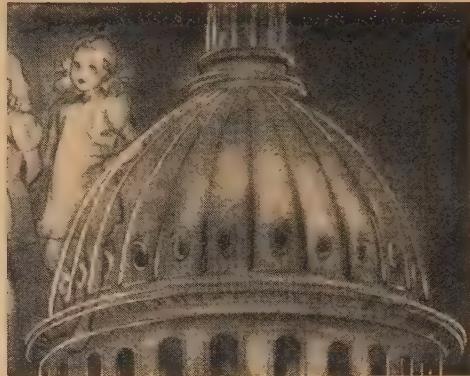
But whatever the motives may be let us examine the facts fairly and hopefully.

COST

| | | 1942 and beyond |
|--------------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Children's Bureau | \$23,500,000.00 | No Limit |
| 2. Public Health Service | 28,500,000.00 | No Limit |
| 3. Social Security | 46,250,000.00 | No Limit |

The cost for future years, according to Senator Wagner and others at Washington, will reach \$850,000,000, annually, but the bill does not set *any limit whatsoever upon the public expenditures for the future*. We are asked to sign a blank check. That is not a compliment to our intelligence. However, no amount is too much for us to pay for our sick and helpless. But if we should find that instead of paying \$850,000,000 annually for our sick and helpless, we are paying \$425,000,000 to custodians, clerks, employees, statisticians, socialized experts and bureaucrats in general, we would feel as if we had been tricked. We do not want this to happen. Is there any danger of this happening?

Since last month's article went to press I have had an opportunity of talking with Martha M. Eliot, M.D. (Chairman of the Committee responsible for the text of the



FOR THE HEALTH OF THE NATIONS



By C. Ward Crampton, M.D.

"Health Bill.") at a Conference of the Welfare Council of New York City.

I asked if all this money the United States Government is going to grant to the States to build hospitals and give medical treatment was not first to be collected from the citizens of the States. "Yes, of course," was the answer. This was a true answer. The Government cannot "make" money. It must get its money from its own people. It seems, therefore, that it is our own money that will be collected from us in the form of new taxes, sent to Washington to be spent as the Government officials please. "You will want \$850,000,000 every year?" Yes, but this is not all additional or "new" money. It seems that it is expected that much of the money now spent by us for healing of our own

people in our own way is to be collected, sent to Washington and in their opinion spent to a far better advantage from there. It is our own dollar that is going to be given back to us (less the cost of salaries, management, publicity, brokerage, loss in transit, letter files, card catalogues, printed forms, commissions, flat top desks and salaries for flat top desk officials).

Our "Health" dollar, which we would spend on ourselves will not be spent on ourselves, will be given a ride to Washington. There it will be put through the administrative wringer and some of it may come back to work for health.

The "Wagner Bill" tells us only that the states are going to get millions and millions of dollars. It is well to remember that this is our money that they are talk-

ing about spending, no one else's. But, if it is worth while and this is the way to do it—we will do it.

But must we do so? Why? The Government states there is a cruel need and we are not meeting it efficiently. Is this true? You may be reassured at once it is not quite so bad as that.

The United States Government says 40,000,000 do not get "adequate medical care." These figures are based on a nationwide "sampling" made by W.P.A. Project Workers. But the estimate of the American Medical Association is 40,000, based on a "sampling" of the whole United States made and reported by physicians. This may be biased, but doctors, though they may err, are not wholesale liars. The doctors' figures are one-tenth of one per cent of the Government figures. This discrepancy is absurd.

Opinions differ. I maintain that "adequate medical care" includes preventive medicine, which the National "Health" Act claims much and produces little. I maintain that "adequate medical care" calls for a thorough health examination. This is the backbone of preventive medicine. By this token, the Wagner Health Bill is almost spineless.

Not one out of fifty men and women get "adequate medical care" and not two out of fifty want "adequate medical care." This is not caused primarily by lack of money. The great barriers against "adequate medical care" are: First, ignorance of the personal values of preventive medicine and second, lack of personal will power to do the right thing when you know you should do it.

A thousand Government dollars spent in teaching real "health" values and showing, with conviction, the purely statistical benefits of righteous living, will save more lives than a million dollars spent merely on medical repairs. This is the better function of Government. This should be the backbone of a real National Health Program. It makes one intelligent dollar do the work of a thousand.

Is it true that American medical service to rich and poor is so bad that we must revolutionize our seemingly orderly procedure? On the contrary, we have reason to believe that the United States has on the whole the best medical service the world has ever seen. We can learn something, however, from any country. The Scandinavian States for example keep us on our toes in some important particulars; but how about the totalitarian countries and England, from which so much of the Wagner Act has been copied? Let us take one example of many.

The diphtheria death rate in Germany was 8 per 100,000. England had a death rate of 8.2 per 100,000 and in our United States, which according to the Wagner Act must spend \$850,000,000 more per year for health, had a rate of only 2.9 deaths from diphtheria per 100,000. The German diphtheria death rate applied to the American population would make a difference of 5,000 dead American children annually. But perhaps these figures are no better than other statistics used by the proponents of the "National Health Act."

The way is opening for a real conference of alert, informed American citizens of clear intent and without medical, political or social doctrines of doubtful character.

Yet we find that the Wagner Act still contains all the errors that physicians and medical societies pointed out. This does not lead us to believe that the medical advisory committees that are provided for in the bill will be listened to.

Understand, the expansion of local Federal Health Service by Federal cooperation, is approved as to purpose by the medical profession. It is true that many communities (rural, town, small city, county) have but a fraction of the benefits that a good health officer or a good health department delivers to the people.

It is not lack of dollars so much as the ignorance of citizens of the benefits of good service that is likely to be at the bottom of this lack. Some State Health Departments are below reasonable standard, lacking laboratories and diagnostic services. Most are under-supported by the public. Hence lives are lost. Medical science can save lives through good health services. Federal aid has helped. Dollars spent here may get a good dollar's worth, but we must see to it that they are safeguarded and spent wisely.

Keep the line from Washington to your home town clean of politics, and keep politics off the back of the United States Public Health services of all kinds. There must be no money changers in the temple of health.

We also approve the proposal to establish a Federal Department of Health, with a Secretary who shall be a Doctor of Medicine and a member of the President's Cabinet. We approve of the expansion of Public Health Service under the Social Security Act toward the prevention of tuberculosis, venereal diseases, pneumonia, cancer, malaria and mental illness, and diseases of industry, and national health hazards.

We, however, object to the creation of new bureaus where existing local machinery can be utilized. We object to the Government taking over the treatment of these diseases when disease can be successfully treated best through the developed services of the family doctor and existing hospital services.

It is also stated that there are not enough hospitals. Five hundred more should be built throughout the nation. It is true that there are some localities where a hospital is sorely needed, and others where there are many people who would like to see a new hospital built. The principle presented by the committee is generally approved, but its data have been questioned by good authorities. The practical question arises: Is it better to spend \$100,000 on a new hospital or to spend \$50,000 in helping the good, hard working, old well-run hospital around the corner to give the people of the community first class medical service?

Before we build a single new hospital we must decide that question. Those who know the value of money in terms of what it can do for sick people—and this the doctor knows—will want every health dollar spent with wisdom, foresight and honest, prayerful economy.

It is true that medical science and practice has advanced as rapidly as new designs in aeroplanes, refrigerators, automobiles and radios. It is true that the "horse and buggy" hospital does not easily progress to new life-saving methods. It is often less sanitary and lacks new equip-

ment, yet it might be better than a new streamlined medical palace, filled with new gadgets and *no traditions*. With these things in mind the question must be studied for each locality.

One hundred new tuberculosis hospitals are proposed. We suggest careful discrimination. There is a new method of treating tuberculosis. This has shortened the average stay in a tuberculosis hospital from 2 years (24 months) down to a month and a half or two months. Patients leave hospital beds much sooner.

This in effect increases the capacity of the present hospitals six times or more.

Will this relieve congestion sufficiently without building a single additional hospital? If so, the doctors have saved the public the cost of some part of the 100 new tuberculosis hospitals called for.

"Diagnostic" centers are asked for. We believe that a general diagnostic service should be part of the duty of every hospital. The diagnostic center situated apart from a hospital is something like a bill of fare without a meal. It is stimulating and informing, but not satisfying.

"Pretrouble diagnosis" by means of the health examination is the essence of preventive medicine so highly prized by the wise and intelligent. Let the diagnostic center be the center of an all-round community-serving hospital and let the heart of that diagnostic service be the human heart of your family doctor, with the hospital behind him. It has been done. The Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital started the Diagnostic Health Service Clinic in 1926. This hospital is an old all-around hospital and besides it is a medical teaching center, teaching physicians from all over the world who come for post graduate instruction.

This Health Service Clinic gave a thorough diagnostic examination, including a Wassermann Test, urinalysis, refraction of eyes, specialist examination of nose, throat, eyes and ears; two visits, three hours; evenings after the day's work; a general practitioner's thorough study of his own findings and that of four specialists and three aides; a diagnostic report, and a practical program written and given to the health client himself.

This cost the hospital \$7.80 and the patient paid \$5.00 and sometimes nothing at all, but this service was stopped because of lack of money during the depression.

Diagnostic service of this kind has been proven feasible, powerful, productive in human healing and happiness. It completes the hospitals' Service program. We could establish several hundred health service clinics in several hundred existing hospitals and we would have diagnostic centers at their best.

And of course physicians, in general, have always approved medical care for the poor. The following is taken from an American Medical Association's committee report.

"Complete medical care of the indigent is a responsibility of the community, medical and allied professions, and such care should be organized by local governmental units and supported by tax funds.

"The federal government may need to provide funds when the state is unable to meet these emergencies.

"Reports of the (*Please turn to page 48*)



CHILDREN'S PARADISE

By Richard Maxwell

JUNE 27th, 1939. Something important will happen on that date. A rearmament program will be started up again. Newspapers won't scream headlines about it, the radio will not broadcast flash-news bulletins. But to two hundred children, to a thousand—to thousands who may never realize—that date will be important.

I once read a revealing statement, "Nature is cruel," it said, "but civilization is crueler. Nature at least arms her children for the battle to survive. Civilization disarms hers."

But there are constructive civilized efforts at work. One of them renews its efforts June 27th, 1939, when two hundred city-tenement children leave for two weeks of Paradise—the first of five such groups of eager, expectant youngsters to start for Mont Lawn, the children's rearmament camp, otherwise known as the Christian Herald Children's Home.

Very likely you already know of Mont Lawn. But do you *know* Mont Lawn? Have you seen it?

So few have had this first-hand opportunity; won't you pause for just a moment and look at it through my eyes—eyes which on my first visit there were clouded more than once with unobserved, yet unashamed, masculine tears.

Mont Lawn is a lovely spot high up on the side of a great hill overlooking one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, the Hudson. The warm, spring days had sent the leaves fairly bursting from the finger tips of the majestic trees whose broad branches spread protecting arms over the

thick, grass-covered ground of a children's paradise. An empty paradise to be sure, for the children had not yet arrived. Save for the songs of birds it was a silent Garden of Eden. Beginning June 27th it will ring with the excited shouts of little boys and girls whose feet seldom touch the earth itself, let alone its grassy carpets. Beginning June 27th, the bright sunshine will sparkle and be reflected back from youthful eyes whose luster has been dimmed and faded by fifty weeks of the year in tenement canyons.

Going up the hill leading to Mont Lawn, you soon come to the big old-fashioned residence, the nucleus of the camp itself. Here I met Mrs. Parker—the busy matron in charge at Mont Lawn, busy preparing for the thousand children to be under her supervision during the summer. Overflowing with vitality and interest in her work, she explained in detail the operation of Mont Lawn.

As I listened with growing enthusiasm, I glanced over her head at a stirring painting—a young mother with bowed head, seated at a little table, with her baby in a high chair on her left: the young father standing opposite, his eyes closed and head raised to heaven in thankfulness: and on the table a loaf of bread and a pitcher of milk—or possibly water—no more.

Out-of-doors we inspected one of the five dormitories, each with its thirty-odd small empty iron bedsteads, and it was easy to picture them made up with clean and cool white sheets. How the little girls must giggle in them after all the lights are out at night, and what scuffling must go on



in the boys' quarters! Discreetly muffled all of it, of course, in order not to reach the not-too-observant ears of the wise counselors—twenty-five of them, college men and girls—who are always close.

Next, to the Chapel, which would soon be alive with young voices singing, reading Scripture, earnest and clear and sweet on each Sunday afternoon. Here under the supervision of a counselor who is studying for the ministry, all the children take an active part in the non-sectarian service. As is usual with the young who, like the aged, are close to God, they eagerly learn



to the wading and swimming pools which I could so easily picture peopled with small splashing and gasping humans; and then to the building marked "Rain House"—where even the cloudy days are made bright with indoor games and laughter.

As we made our way to the dining hall, it was easy to know how a child might feel, filing with the others under the long portico, and glancing on the way, over high tree tops down to the Hudson sparkling far below. And, inside the building where all eat together, a cheerful clatter seemed as much a part of the furnishings as long tables and benches. Food enough in there to make young, shrunken stomachs ache

beings, thought I, as I read—those fine sympathetic Christian friends who back the re-armament of our under-privileged little city boys and girls.

And so, little happy pictures arose all around Mont Lawn.

Then, still thinking of the joy of the poor under-privileged tenement children and filled with the beauty and spirit of Mont Lawn, I almost wished I were one of the lucky ones to be chosen; but please God, for only two weeks—for I have seen them too often, dodging reckless New York City traffic while trying to play their little games in the dirty neighborhood streets. Out on the hot pavements



On facing page, the

Homestead. On this page, left, Fort Plenty; center, serving milk to the eager children; bottom, both pages, the toothbrush drill



rather than in their stuffy, smelly and stifling tenements.

Then came the thought: "but how much good can two short weeks or even a month do for such youngsters? It is only a drop in the bucket." Yes, only a drop in the bucket in one way, but what a cool refreshing drop on tongues parched for the milk of human kindness!

Just what does this two weeks' vacation mean to these children who must otherwise stay in the city—and in the most undesirable sections at that?

First let me ask you, do you know what the New York slum district is like? Were you ever there? Very likely not. There are buses here which take sightseers through the poorer districts to give people a chance to see for themselves what it is like. Once seen these sights are never forgotten. (Such sights are barred from motion pictures, you know.) Streets so crowded with pushcarts, food and clothing vendors, and shouting, playing youngsters, that an automobile can scarcely work its way along. What do you imagine it is like on the hottest days of summer? Not a blade of grass, a single tree leaf, not a breath of either cool or fresh air. Yet mothers bring their babies and little

new songs and willingly absorb the spiritual atmosphere upon which Mont Lawn is based.

Imagine the Playhouse filled with delighted shrieks on stunt nights, when each cottage competes for a prize of lollipops. Campfire roasts and hikes up the long trails of looming old Mount Hook. Small Mary who has never picked a flower in her brief city life, gleefully bringing in a harvest of bright leaves and growing things to study in the Nature Hut.

Then past the playground with its swings, teeter-totters and such things, on

if one were not careful. "Swell eats" are the words most often written home. Swell eats, glass after glass of milk, and young eyes peering over the rims of the glasses, spelling out the words that are painted in old English block against the farther wall:

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,

Back of the flour the mill,

Back of the mill is the wheat and the shower,

The sun and the Father's will."

Yes, and back of this Paradise stand many thousands of good every-day human

children down many flights of stairs onto these streets, into these stone canyons, as a relief from the seething tenement indoors. Can you imagine the contrast to lovely Mont Lawn?

I have seen youngsters from two years old up, in the middle of streets roped off for play, running in and out of the cooling spray of falling water from sprinkling machines attached to fire hydrants, a device set up by the city here and there.

And I can recall last year where a number of youngsters were on strike walking back and forth in front of a New York Police Station carrying signs saying, "Unfair to children. We want our water hydrants turned on." What a paltry substitute for the Old Swimmin' Hole most of us know!

Many of the little boys and girls playing on the streets have never been outside of New York City: many of them are counting the days when they can get out in the country for a week or two. Hundreds have been told—if they are good—maybe this year they can see what the country is like. So, many thousands of them are eagerly hoping for this chance—a chance that depends entirely on the generosity and hospitality of others—of you and me. Yet most of them will have to stay right in the city. This is not a happy condition, is it?

Since only a few can possibly attend any Fresh Air Camp, how are the lucky ones selected? Well, paradoxically enough the fortunate children are the most unfortunate ones. Each of the hundreds of welfare agencies recommend a few of the

WHEN LITTLE BOYS PRAY

When little boys kneel by their beds
And fold their hands and bow their heads
And shut their eyes and start to pray
I don't think God is far away.
I think he listens with intent
To any message that is sent
By little boys who kneel at night;
I think God tries with all His might
To answer prayers that small boys make
In His Son's name, for His Son's sake.
—Gates Hebbard



Off the Grass" signs, who may know what lions or bears look like from a trip to the zoo, but who in the country may see a cow for the first time. They don't have cows or sheep in a zoo!

What does it mean to the tired, discouraged, and heartsick mother of eight or ten restless children to know that the weakest and sickliest of her little human plants are out in the fresh air and sunshine getting fresh eggs and two or even three glasses of milk every meal? It makes life worth living for all of them. The visible stimulation to the health of such children often lasts for months following two weeks in the out-of-doors. The effect itself may last for life. This is especially true of the mental outlook:



At home she slept across the foot of a large bed in which three adults slept. Now life holds new meanings for her.

Little Sarah who was so fascinated with the brand-new experience of brushing her teeth, that she often stole away during the day to renew the joy of this novelty. When she returned to her own little flat in the city, she proudly introduced the art of tooth-brushing to her less cultured brothers and sisters.

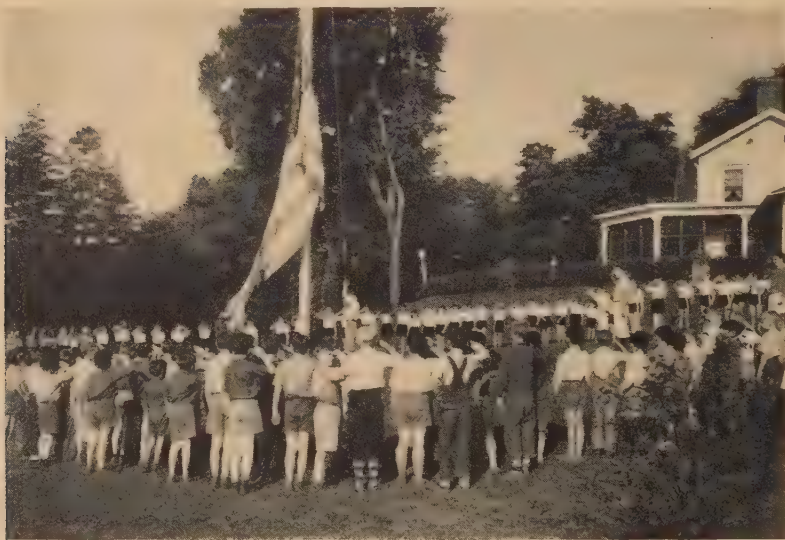
Then there was ten-year-old Jimmy, the camp's problem child—oh yes, they are not all easy to manage. He was one of ten children—all mothered by their twenty-one-year-old sister since the death of their own mother. After two weeks at Mont Lawn, making rough weather of it for himself, his playmates and every one concerned, he was one of the few chosen to remain over for an additional two weeks. Why? Within Jimmy—was a streak of gold which had not yet been reached. And when Jimmy was told they wanted him to stay for another two weeks because he was a natural leader, because he could do so much for the others, he was suspicious and rebellious. Always before he had been told he was a bad boy—was thrown out of every group because he was a pest, a nuisance, and a troublemaker. Within a few days he shrewdly realized they meant every bit of what they said, and not only did he become adjusted to his group, but actually deserved and won a place among the honor campers privileged to go on a special outing to West Point. After returning home, a grateful letter from his twenty-one-year-old sister-mother testified to the change,—to the body and soul rearmament of Jimmy, whose ambition to be a gangster had changed overnight to that of a G-man.

Often children like Jimmy, or others who have not gained enough during their two weeks' stay, are kept over like that—to boost them into greater strength against the days ahead, to fit them gently into a more healthful and agreeable society.

All that, Mont Lawn does for these children, healing the effects of a city's civilization on small souls and bodies.

For the children of the well-to-do and comfortable, controls may be set up against those undermining effects. So many controls even, that the fortunate children can be weakened in the other extreme. But for these children of the poor, it would be hard to overdo. Two weeks at Mont Lawn is a little enough advantage to give them. Yet it will loom important in the years to come, not only for the thousand who will enjoy it this summer, but for those thousands more whose lives these rearmend lives will touch—and for those who will give the means for their rearmament, and in giving, will receive as much themselves and more.

And so I left Mont Lawn, but not until I had glanced again at the picture of the little family at the table, returning thanks over the loaf of bread and the pitcher. And I found myself silently hoping that the pitcher was full of milk—not water; and for a moment I closed my eyes and asked that I be rearmend, too—rearmend with gratitude and brotherly love, even as the least of these little ones who get to Mont Lawn are rearmend in health of mind and body, rearmend with the spirit to face a difficult world with a new faith, hope and love.



The children all take an interested part in the daily flag salute

most needy in their district, or perhaps the policemen run across the poor little victims of some deplorable environment—wretched little people caught in the backwash of a dead-end quagmire—a situation they had nothing to do with in the first place and which they can do nothing about in the second.

Yes, what does it mean to a child who can't get the nickel to take him underground to the city parks with their "Keep

such a vacation opens a new world of possibilities, new hopes, new desires, new aims. It restores the faith in the goodness of others, hope for a brighter tomorrow and a love of life and living in general.

Let's take a few specific instances which were told to me. To Jenny, one little girl from the lower east side, it was a brand-new experience to remove all of her clothing when she went to bed. As for having a bed all to herself—it was unbelievable!



Searle, and the Great Dane dog, Cnūt, at Mayflower Cottage

Passage to England

BEFORE my daughter, Penn, and I sailed for England in mid-April, our friends remonstrated with us. "You're going to sail straight into war," they insisted. "Why deliberately seek trouble?"

Well, goodness knows that Penn and I are no braver than our friends, yet neither of us felt the slightest fear about returning to our home here in Devon. My own lack of fear was based on a queer, apparently unfounded belief that war would not come. I think Penn's lack of anxiety was derived from her faith that everything always turns out right, somehow. For example, on board ship, one afternoon, the deck steward brought Penn's coat and books down to the cabin. "It was raining," he explained, "and I thought she'd forgotten them."

Penn was playing shuffle-board. When she came in I asked her if she hadn't noticed the rain. "Oh yes!" she replied, "and I didn't forget my coat and books but I knew someone would take care of them! You see, I have perfect faith in human beings!"

May she never lose it! Anyhow, such being her philosophy, Penn had no thought of submarines and we returned on an English ship. We sat at the doctor's table and it was a most interesting one. The doctor himself is a man of broad experience and a most amusing conversationalist. Of his five guests, besides Penn and me, one was the Polish wife of a well-known Englishman. He has been teaching for several years at an American College and she used American slang with a Polish-English accent which was delightful. The remaining guests were Englishmen who had been on an observing and exploring trip in the hinterlands of New Guinea. They, too, knew the United

States well and had adopted as much of the American vocabulary as they could. So the talk was particularly amusing to Penn and me. Pointed up by exclamation of "Yeah?" and "You're telling me!", it ranged from the jungles of South America to modern life in Poland, and back again to Chicago and Jacksonville, Florida.

There were only thirty-odd cabin guests—the war scare is very bad for eastward travel—but among these few was an unusually large proportion of interesting people. There was a Hungarian artist who had spent the seven years subsequent to 1916 in a Siberian prison. He was now a British citizen, married to an English wife. He made acid little caricatures of his fellow-passengers and sold them to us for a shilling each, giving the money realized to the Seaman's Charity. There was a very well-known English dramatic critic who didn't hesitate to say how decadent he found modern literature; a Scottish toy manufacturer, and several American business men, with their wives, headed for the British Isles on mysterious errands. By the end of the voyage Penn knew them all. I'm afraid I'm a better audience than I am a mixer.

Of course, the war situation was discussed till we all were sick and tired of it by the third day out. And by that time the ocean solitude had had its usual effect. We were cut off from the troubled world on either side of the Atlantic and glad that for a few days, at least, it must be so. But when we docked at Liverpool everybody rushed for a newspaper. Nothing had happened! One could give one's whole mind to the customs. We had great good luck and by ten o'clock A. M. were on the train, headed for Devon and Hearthstone. It's a long, eight-hour journey. People drifted in and out of our



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honore
Morrow

compartment. A young ensign asked an ex-service man, sitting beside me, if he thought there would be war. "I doubt it," said the ex-service man. "But if it comes, well, we'll just have to tackle 'em again, and this time really teach 'em." The lad nodded and this was the only mention of war we heard during the entire journey.

We reached home, just before six o'clock, to find the hearthfires glowing, the kettle boiling and our beloved Searles and the dogs awaiting us, as if we'd been gone a mere four hours instead of four months. And a happy surprise! Felicia was here, too, on a short visit. She'd come over to welcome us back and to get a look at home—she said—before war shut her off from it!

"Jules is pretty sure he'll be mobilized at the end of next week," she explained. "He wants me to stay here if he is, but you can bet, I'll go straight back where there's at least a chance of seeing him."

We assured her there was not going to be war. She assured us that we didn't know what we were talking about. So we let it rest there and she and Penn plunged into the far more pressing subject of clothes. I went out into the garden. A cuckoo was striking the time in a near-by meadow. Apple Blossoms, Lilacs, Wall-flowers—all the *decor* of garden-peace was here. No! I refused to believe in war.

And now I have been getting in touch with my friends. Two have passed the requisite examinations and are now air wardens. One will be along soon, to tell me how many refugee children from the London or Manchester area, Hearthstone and Mayflower cottage will be required to house, when or if those great centers are bombed. Penn's and Felicia's old playmates, the King boys, are all in the forces. One is in an Indian cavalry regiment, one is in the Egyptian air-force, another is in the air-force here in England. The son of another friend is with the army in Palestine. He has just won the distinguished service order for bravery when he and his men were cut off by an Arab attack.

Well may these English people be calm! For generations they have maintained these Islands and their Empire against a hostile world. They are utterly habituated to the thought of war. And they quite literally are unafraid. They never have been beaten except by the American colonies and, they always point out, it took the British to beat the British, in the American Revolution, so they don't mind that!

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



"A Sip—A Snack—Or A Meal"*

TRAVELING down from Boston to New York a few days ago, an attractive young woman, wearing a military cape, passed through the cars. She distributed a neatly folded announcement card upon which appeared two pictures and detailed information as to the grille and bar. "A sip, a snack, or a meal" was the alluring invitation.

I went forward to investigate. I found the service all that had been described, though I did not avail myself of it. The bar was complete and thoroughly modern. The young men behind it and the young women in front of it were smartly dressed and alert. But three people at the tables particularly attracted my attention. We had just left New Haven, and it is possible that their intoxicated state had been achieved before they boarded the train, though there was every evidence that they were through travelers from Boston. Two young women lounged against a young man. The befuddled brains of the three were, of course, responsible for their indecorous actions. I was sorry for them—but I was sorrier for the girl who served them. For all her fine appearance and her courteous attention to the task that was hers, she was at the best a glorified barmaid. And at the best, a barmaid is a contradiction of American life and tradition.

The ladies and gentlemen who achieved Repeal did not promise us barmaids, though they did promise just about everything else. They promised the outlawry of illicit liquor and the removal of bootleggers—but they did not promise barmaids. They promised a balanced budget. One now-forgotten United States Senator from Connecticut—I thought of him as I passed through his state—even promised a billion dollars of revenue from wine and beer alone—but they did not promise barmaids. They promised a revival of respect for law, with the implication that gunmen would disappear, and with the direct promise that juvenile crime would decrease—but they did not promise barmaids. They promised the solution of the problem of unemployment; and one brewer of St. Louis, dead now at his own hand, declared that beer alone would provide work for a million unemployed—but they did not promise barmaids. They promised—and their chief spokesman was the President of the United States—that the saloon, or its "equivalent," would not be allowed to return—but they did *not* promise barmaids.

RECENTLY, in an address before the National Parole Conference in Washington, D. C., President Roosevelt made one of his few references to Prohibition since Repeal. He said:

"And let us not forget the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. You know, and I know, what a toll that took from this country through the flouting of law by thousands of otherwise respectable people as well as through the activities of bootleggers and racketeers who flourished during the Prohibition years. It was undoubtedly the greatest source of revenue for organized crime that this Nation has ever known."

The President said that with a genial smile. But may not the American people reasonably require more? In 1933 President Roosevelt said: "By no possibility, at any time or under any circumstances, shall that institution, the saloon, or its equivalent, be allowed to return to American life."

Well, what are the facts as of 1939? Taprooms, bars, retail places of liquor sale, by whatever name known, in an excess of 600,000 cover the nation. Never in pre-

*Unless otherwise noted editorials are written by the Editor-in-chief.

Prohibition years were there half as many saloons. Now that the President has said as much as he did say to the Parole Conference, what more will he say? To this hour the one specific contribution that he has made to the solution of the new liquor problem—the one solution, with which I am acquainted—is his refusal or failure to veto the bill which opened places of retail liquor sale in Washington, D. C.

Let us give those political leaders and their allies who led the nation into Repeal full credit. They overthrew the Eighteenth Amendment. They united vast forces, recruited from both the upper and the underworlds, in a successful onslaught against the so-called "Noble Experiment." They made many and vast promises—but they did not promise barmaids. Of their promises, after six years, it may be written down for all to read, and for no one successfully to challenge, that not a promise has been kept—but they did not promise barmaids. Repeal has not balanced the budget. Repeal has not eliminated the bootlegger, nor the illicit sale of intoxicating liquors. Repeal has not yet provided a billion, or nearly a billion, dollars of revenue. Repeal has not eliminated the gunman. And under Repeal, juvenile delinquency and crime have increased. Repeal has not reduced slaughter on the highways. Repeal has not solved the problem of unemployment, or contributed largely toward its solution. But Repeal has more than doubled the record, the all-time record, for the number of places retailing liquor in the United States of America. If the saloon has not returned, then what has come upon us is frequently unspeakably worse than the saloon of pre-Prohibition days.

But let us be fair and state the case exactly: They did not promise us barmaids—barmaids are the little added gift, the surprise that we might have expected, but that I do not imagine even the most ardent repealists anticipated.

"A sip—a snack—or a meal"—I read on the attractive little menu card handed to me by a much more attractive young woman who served the patrons of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad on that afternoon when I journeyed down from Boston to New York. "A sip—a snack—or a meal"—but I am thinking of the lovely girl and of tens of thousands of others like her who are Repeal's fairest contribution to the liquor problem of the United States. Do you remember the popular song, "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier?" Well, God knows that the United States of America did not deliberately raise daughters to be barmaids!

What are we going to do about it?
Given a little more time and—
I think I know!

The Temple Pulpit

ONE of Dr. Poling's sermons, as preached each Sunday in his Philadelphia pulpit, will be printed attractively and mailed each week to those desiring this service. The cost, including postage, for forty weeks (forty sermons) will be \$2.00. If interested, mail your order by letter or postcard to Christian Herald. But send no money now.



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Religion is the very foundation of American life, and in times of crisis our great men, from Washington on, have turned to God in prayer for His help and guidance

ATTACK ON AMERICAN TRADITIONS

By Charles M. Sheldon

WHAT are American Traditions, and who is attacking them? That is a fair question which deserves a fair answer.

A tradition is something that is handed down from father to son, or it is a custom or habit that stamps a society or a country and is a part of its history as something characteristic of the people. And it is an American tradition that the early settlers of America came to this country for freedom to live their lives without being told how to lead them, especially in their religious convictions. As Miss Hemans says, "They came for freedom to worship God."

This desire for freedom or liberty to act as individuals was illustrated in the New England "Town Meeting," perhaps the most democratic form of human government ever known. The people of a community met in open meeting, elected by popular vote one of their number to preside, every part of the proceedings was open for debate, and the final action was accepted as the decision of the community. It has been said that this form of local government was an exhibition of human freedom in its best form. We may

put freedom or liberty to live one's life without governmental restraint, as an American tradition except in the case of criminal acts that endangered the life of the community.

This traditional habit of demanding personal liberty extended to each man's conduct of his business or profession. The farmer was considered the most free and independent person in the world. He was at liberty to conduct his business of raising food free from all restraint except the action of Nature, which no one could predict. And the same desire for liberty extended to almost every form of personal energy and business.

Another American tradition may be stated as the putting together of the church and the schoolhouse. The two buildings went up together on every hillside of every village or township. Religion and education were taken for granted as belonging to each other. Most of the great colleges of America were organized and financed by churches, and started with the avowed purpose to train the students to be Christian citizens. Colleges like Harvard and Yale and Dartmouth and Amherst, and most of the

colleges in the Middle West and on the Pacific slope were organized as religious schools and maintained for years by contributions from church members.

Another tradition that may safely and honestly be called an American tradition was the commonly accepted standards relating to marriage and sex relations. Moral standards were accepted even of a stern order and were taught in the home and the church. The tradition of a home life that was defined as the most sacred and necessary form of social life is a part of the America that has come down to us through the years, and may be called one of the most emphasized forms of family and social life.

Another American tradition may honestly be called a general sense of the need of obedience to law and order. Courts were held in great respect and he who disobeyed the law of the community was regarded as an outlaw. This same reverence for law still persists in some communities where the old national custom has been sustained by families that trace their descent from old New England families. The abiding by the law established by the community for its welfare was an American tradition accepted for years by the generations that had proved its value.

But as we now look at the map of America, we see departures from these different traditions, and we begin to ask, Who or what has been making attacks on these traditions and with what results?

In the first place it seems to be a fact that the world cannot deny that most of the ills from which not only America but the entire world is suffering have been caused by the World War. You cannot spend \$400,000,000,000 and kill 10,000,000 young men outright and cripple 10,000,000 more for life and create an atmosphere of hate and ill will and suspicion all over the earth without paying the price. And that price has been what we are paying for our wickedness and stupidity, economically, politically and morally.

If America's traditions have been attacked they have been attacked for the most part not by any organized gangs of political forces but by the American people themselves, apart from regular propaganda called Communistic or Fascist or Nazi bodies. That there is such propaganda there is no doubt, but I am one of very many who do not have much serious fear of this country ever adopting any of these philosophies. The people of America, I believe, are not built that way, and will not submit to live under a dictator or a state policy that robs the people of individual liberty and rights.

But how shall we account for some of the things that are happening to some of the traditions that have been mentioned—for example the tradition that the church and the school were the foundation of our best national life?

A short time ago I was invited by the Principal of a large High School in one of our states to speak to the students at the morning assembly. Before I went in to meet the students the Principal asked me what I was going to say. I told him I would talk on "Some Results of a True Education." He said "You will have to be careful not to say anything about Religion. The state law forbids any re-

(Continued on page 48)



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CLARK V. POLING



THE most important thing about patriotism is that it is a fact. Men are patriotic. And no amount of discussion as to the nature or desirability of patriotism will in any way alter the actuality of men's display of loyalty to their country. For patriotism is loyalty to their country. Patriotism is devotion to the interests of one's native land, it is love of the things established or honored by the fathers, it is the whole complex of emotions welling spontaneously at the sight or recollection of the accustomed ways of living and the familiar scenes of the home or fatherland. Patriotism exists in varying degrees, but in its purest flower it results in the subordination of all individual interest to the accepted good of one's country. Indeed, no task is too difficult, no sacrifice too great and life itself is offered gladly on its altar.

But men were not always patriotic. The history of man's development is the story of the gradual extension of the circle of his loyalties. In the childhood of the race man was first loyal to himself and sacrificed even the nearest kin to the savage impulse to live. It is a long road from such brutish individualism of primitive man to the selfless patriotism of the modern Englishman or German, but man has

oneself is the beginning of a life-long romance," the majority of civilized men are patriotic. This loyalty to country is the highest loyalty they know.

In the past patriotism has performed an indispensable service, first, by making possible a society larger than the group solidarity of family, clan, and tribe, and second, by expanding the horizons of the individual man beyond the narrow limitations of the blood-kinship, and the local groups.

The performance of the first service was absolutely necessary before men could enjoy the peace in which they could develop their arts and sciences. As long as men were exhausting their energies and resources in the violent conflicts of small groups they could not learn to harness their environment to their purpose, nor find leisure for individual thought and development. The large cooperative unit of the nation was, therefore, indispensable to the achievement of modern civilization.

But the second service was no less important because until men's horizons were extended beyond the urgent drives of self-preservation and the imperious demands of selfish desire, they were not greatly different from the beasts of the woods and the fields. What distinguishes man from

THE editors selected Clark Poling to write the sermon on Patriotism, not because he is the son of the editor-in-chief, but because he is a young man whose generation faces a country and a world vastly different from that world in which isolation made patriotism a clear-cut issue. In this sermon we find the viewpoint of one of tomorrow's leaders. J.P.M.

PATRI

A sermon by

come all that difficult way. Of course, there are many individual men who lag far behind, who love self above any greater consideration. But while they enjoy that barren romance suggested by Oscar Wilde when he quipped, "To love

the brutes, if it is not the capacity to see beyond his personal needs and to consciously organize inclusive and more inclusive social units? And it is in this extension of cooperative living that the individual man himself has been spiritualized. Can we doubt this when we thrill to the words of Nathan Hale: "My only regret is that I have but one life to give to my country." Generations of school children have been inspired and ennobled by such idealism. Patriotism, loyalty to one's country has contributed to the spiritualization of man.

But today the words of another patriot, Nurse Cavell should haunt our memory, "Patriotism is not enough." For as Aldous Huxley adds, "It is not enough . . . because there is a larger Whole of which one's own country is only a small part. To give to an isolated part of the universe that reverence which properly belongs to the Whole (or in the words of religion, to God) is idolatry; and idolatry is not only philosophically absurd, it is also disastrous in practice."

Patriotism is not enough because in our modern world it is untimely. In the past it met most satisfactorily the requirements of man's knowledge and man's state of society. It was a most fitting tutor under which man learned his science and developed his culture. But today science has destroyed the limitations of geographic distance and made the once vast world a neighborhood, while simultaneously it has put demonic forces of destruction into the hands of the neighbors. London and New York are closer today than Philadelphia and Boston were at the time of the Revolution and the difference between the modern bomb dropped from the air and the eighteenth century cannon-ball should give us no less cause for thought. Mean-

while as science has made this devilish contribution, it has beneficently bestowed upon the bewildered heads of men a complex civilization which has made necessary interdependence of nations. Men have achieved power but have not learned wisdom. They have confused patriotism with selfish greed and narrow pride and permitted in its name sins which have long been denied individuals. Loyalties, as all things human, are timely or untimely. Since men have failed to extend the circle of their loyalty to country to meet the requirements of a changed world, exclusive patriotism has become untimely. It can be said by adapting words of Arnold J. Toynbee that the spirit of modern patriotism is the sour ferment of nationalism in the old bottles of tribalism.

Moreover, patriotism is not enough because in our modern time it must finally terminate in disillusionment and cynicism. Can we doubt this as we view the years following the World War? It can be said

of the past that patriotism achieved definite goals. Nathan Hale died confidently with a glory in his heart, but Nurse Cavell could only say the awful words, "Patriotism is not enough." She stood in the center of the horror and futility of war which is the inevitable conclusion of a patriotism which makes men act and feel about a part of human society as though that part were the whole of society. Men are not sticks of wood, they feel and dream and are influenced by centuries of Christian thinking they have reached up toward a Holy and Loving Father God of all men. The tragedy is here, men have been prepared spiritually and intellectually for a world community of brothers, while the confused drives of modern society, made sacred by the half-religion of patriotism, lead them to mutual destruction. The last great war was fought sacrificially with the individual nobility on all sides in the name of love of country. Nevertheless, no intelligent man can consider the total

human sins of greed, pride and arrogance, patriotism provokes hate and bloody conflict between the men of different nations.

William James once said, "The individual, the person in the singular number, is the more fundamental phenomenon and the social institution of whatever grade is but secondary and ministerial." And Jesus himself reminded men that the individual was of prime importance in the sight of God. Did he not say that one sparrow could not fall to the ground without the will of God? "Fear not therefore: Ye are of more value than many sparrows." This is in no way to ignore the good of the greater number of individuals as over against the good of a single individual. We must not forget that the group is not a mystical organism superior to and distinct from the individual children of God who make it up. We do well to honor the rights of the majority but let us not forget that the majority deserves our allegiance simply because it *is individuals*. While there are occasions when that superior allegiance must be shown by obedience, there are other times when the primary duty of the individual to the group is to be first a loyal witness of the truth. Such a demonstration protects the inalienable rights of the individual but also in the long-course of events benefits the group. In the words of Dr. MacCann "It is only out of men prepared, if need be, to withstand the majority to the face that a reasonable majority can be made."

When we permit ourselves to be persuaded to hate men of another nation in the name of whatever loyalty, we definitely sin against the spirit of Christ. For he taught that the inevitable deduction from the Fatherhood of God was the brotherhood of Man. And here is our text, the words of Paul to the Galatians: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." There is no room for exclusive patriotism in the heart with the love of Christ. Hate and violence must be subjugated in His Name.

Finally, the inadequacy of patriotism to achieve the Christian goals of life is revealed in its idolatrous submission before the authority of the state. The Christian's master is Christ. Any authority under whatever name which would supplant Christ's primacy must be resisted. We owe a duty to our native land, devotion, sacrifice and years of service. But the first duty of the Christian to the state is to be Christian. We are inhabitants of our particular homeland. We are nurtured and sustained by it and we owe much in return. But let us never forget, as Arnold Toynbee points out, that "The true home of man is the *Civitas Dei*, the city of God in which the common Fatherhood of God creates a brotherhood between all the human citizens of the divine commonwealth—a brotherhood which cannot be established by any bond of which God himself is not the maker."

Having said that an exclusive patriotism is not enough because in a modern world it is untimely, disillusioning and inadequate to realize the Christian goals of life, it may appear that I have been unduly critical and destructive. But there is much that can be said constructively. Patriotism may continue to make an invaluable contri- (Continued on page 53)

O T I S M

Clark V. Poling

Biography

I was born August 7, 1910 in Columbus, Ohio and went along with our family peregrination, unusual even for a minister's family, until the fall of 1924 when I entered Mt. Herman School. From there, after one year, I went to Oakwood, the New York Yearly Meeting of Friends School at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., graduating in 1929. I then attended Hope College, Holland, Michigan for two years before going to Rutgers University from which I received my B.A. in '33. In my senior year, I determined to follow the family tradition and enter the ministry. My Divinity School work was done at Yale from which I received a B.D. in 1936. Throughout my schooling I was an undistinguished student.

After three years of probation under J. Romeyn Danforth at the First Church of Christ, New London, Conn. I accepted a call to the First Reformed Church of Schenectady, New York where I am now situated. The most recent outstanding event was my marriage to Betty Jung of Philadelphia, Pa.

results without disillusionment. It is a question whether the discipline and morality of modern man could withstand another period of bitterness and cynicism such as we have experienced since the realization that all the great treasure expended and all the blood of beloved sons shed did not make the world safe for democracy nor conclude a war to end war. We witness therefore, patriotism which nurtured the spiritual development of man jeopardizing that same spiritual life by producing cynicism and despair. Because of this we have reached an hour of great decision. We can either accept the defeat of the Christian idealism of human brotherhood and raise up hardened generations of un-Christian cannon fodder, trained and conditioned for brutality and death, or we can acknowledge that man's first loyalty must be given to the whole of human society. Unfortunately there are already peoples which have chosen the first alternative and by so doing have immeasurably increased the difficulty confronting our own United States. The former Allies of the World War lost their great opportunity to usher in a new age at the conference of Versailles. Perhaps it will only be after incalculable agony that another such opportunity will come.

This has already implied the final and most important reason why patriotism is not enough. It is not enough because under its exclusive banner it cannot realize the Fatherhood and Kingship of God and the brotherhood of man. In the first place, it discounts the individual while glorifying, even deifying the social group. And in the second place, driven under the pressure of modern emergencies it gives absolute authority to the regulative organization of the national society which is known as the state. And third, confused by the




TOP, FOLK FESTIVAL BY SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICANS, IN NATIVE COSTUME. BELOW, CHILDREN'S CHORUS



WE IMMIGRANT AMERICANS



By Arthur Derounian

THERE was nothing conspicuous about the living room with the exception of a silk American flag encased in a beautiful white frame. It hung on the dining room wall, overlooking the dinner table. There was nothing else on that wall. Just the flag.

The middle-aged mother must have seen my questioning gaze.

"They gave it to Papa when he became a citizen," she said simply.

I turned to "Papa."

"This'a my country!" he declared stoutly. "I work'a here, pay tax, obey laws. I buy this house with my own hands. Here I raise children—five big, strong, healthy children. I send 'em to school, and the school she make them all Americans." Papa bent down, pulled up his trouser cuffs and bared a leg scarred by shrapnel. "I fight 'a for this country," he said. "This'a country same as my home country. Here we come to make a home and here we die."

It was not entirely unexpected to find in that "foreign" quarter an effusion of genuine American sentiment. I had found it in many other immigrant homes.

"What kind'a people you think we are," Papa continued. "We no born here, no, but we American citizens. We work'a for this country same as everybody else. Sure there is depress' now. Sure I make'a less mon'. 'Mama, I tell'a my wife, 'you make more bread now, cook less cake!' 'No worry,' my wife she tell me. 'If we

have bread we have prosperity by 'n by'. We happy, sure we happy in America."

Papa shook his head vigorously.

It wasn't long after this that Mama brought in a tray and glasses. And in that home in the heart of the "foreign" district, facing the silk American flag, we drank a toast—in water—to the welfare of the nation these immigrant Americans had adopted as their own.

I have been in dozens of such homes, and spoken to hundreds of immigrant Americans. I have learned their deep-seated sentiments toward America, and investigated their present-day attitude toward the country which has given them both refuge and opportunity.

What kind of citizens are they? one is anxious to know. According to William Seabrook who made an extensive nationwide study of them recently, eleven million were born abroad, and actually more than thirty million retain traces of foreign language ancestry. They form a solid proportion of our population. They are an integral part of the American scene. Doubtless, they may be expected to play a telling role in shaping the brand of American Democracy of the future.

As an Armenian immigrant eighteen years in this country, I've been asked most often what I really thought of the United States, and whether I'd care to go back to the land of my birth. My attitude toward the country I regard as my own

differs to no great extent from the general attitude of millions of immigrant Americans who also have adjusted themselves to the American Way of Life.

We are grateful to America!

We want America to remain dominantly old American and perpetuate the genuine Americanism of its founders which has served us so well, for so many years, and which has even survived the socio-economic turmoil of the past decade.

We immigrants have the welfare of America at heart. The majority of us go quietly about our business, working harder, I daresay, than the average native-born to contribute whatever we have of talent and energy toward the further development of our adopted country.

We want our children to become productive citizens and participate in American life fully and beautifully—unhindered by those handicaps which we, as immigrants, unavoidably brought with us from the Old World.

We have known Europe too intimately to want any of its political ideologies transplanted here, or to see a recurrence of its social discriminations, political oppressions and traditions of hatred of neighbor for neighbor take root in America. We came to America to get away from them. And separated from that vitiating scene by 3,000 miles of water, we are the stronger, healthier, and happier for it. We want to remain that way.

Most of us have renounced former political allegiances. And what ties we have retained with the land of our birth are mainly sentimental. Our remembrances are with the Germany of Goethe, and the Italy of da Vinci. With these links to an infinite cultural past, we want to enrich America.

Our fondest desire is to be regarded as useful and loyal American citizens. Nothing else is apt to please us more than your encouraging word that we are succeeding. For a better basis of understanding between Old American and New, we are eager. For kindness, for affection—for your unseeing *friendship*, we are hungry.

Unhappily I confess at the outset that there are those amongst us who are ingrates. Some came looking for gold-paved streets and, refusing to work for their dream, now condemn our great, raw, virgin land which still finds itself in the throes of self-adjustment. With these ingrates, the overwhelming majority of us hard-working immigrant Americans have no sympathy whatever.

Others, obsessed with Old World complexes of reforming a nation already the greatest, soundest, most humanitarian, most tolerant, most potent in the world, seek to generate discord in the best traditions of the European political quagmire. I refer to our exponents of Fascism, Nazism, Communism, which collectively, and as far as America is concerned, should spell Futulism. There is an epigram to the effect that an empty barrel makes the loudest noise. By the same token, these disgruntled messiahs and their howling disciples give the impression of being many. Investigations have proved that

they are not. The latest of these by the U. S. Department of Justice placed the number of Nazi Party members at less than 9000.

We consider these psychopathic Futilists as the black sheep of a vast immigrant family which collectively for nearly 330 years—each in its own way—has helped build this nation into one of the most powerful on earth. We have these ingrates and political crackpots not because they originated in Russia, Italy, Spain, Germany, England, or other countries abroad, but because even the purest metal when melted belches some dross. It's just "human nature"—and you can do little about it for the present unless you happen to be a Communist, in which case you might believe that miracles of reform can take place through a lot of noise and hysteria.

Then there are those amongst us who either refuse to adopt ways of the New World, or find it extremely difficult to do so, giving the impression of being willfully incorrigible. Naturally, we immigrant Americans who have adjusted ourselves believe with the late President Coolidge that "Those who do not want to be partakers of the American spirit ought not to settle in America." While neither to be admired nor encouraged—but to be understood—these "unassimilable" elements of the Melting Pot are dominantly old folk belonging to an old school. They have not long to live, and certainly their children may be expected to adopt the American spirit and even repay America for their parents' lag.

Finally, among the unAmerican ingrates, are those professional leaders of minority factions who arouse the emotions of rabidly nationalist, religious or ignorant elements—and actually incite them to unAmericanism by urging them to stick to the traditions, language, and customs of the Old World to the exclusion of all things American. Frequently advocating systematic resistance to normal adjustment, these leaders represent arch foes of Americanism.

We admit that these various ingrates, who abuse the privilege of American hospitality, exist in our midst. Proportionately, however, their number is negligible. We are deeply ashamed of them.

The predominant majority of 12,000,000 immigrant Americans, however, have pledged loyalty to no other country than the United States. We regard ourselves as much a part of America as new plaster on an old house. We are part of that house, and believe we serve a useful function. For instance, we help raise your wheat and corn and cattle. We have helped build and operate your railroads, stockyards, factories, stores, schools. We believe that having glimpsed the American Dream conceived by our immigrant predecessors, we've become part of the great moving cavalcade of America. The traditions of America will gradually become our traditions; its history our history. We have pledged allegiance to its philosophy of government. By keeping out of jail we have kept the faith of our American citizenship.

Having left behind undesirable traits of the Old World, we loyal immigrant Americans have brought with us to the New World only those segments of our cultural heritage which America can use to par-

ticular advantage. We want to weave ourselves into the pattern of the America of Tomorrow, and help found on this continent a nation even greater than we have now. We mean this culturally: in the arts, sciences, in medicine, music, literature, engineering. We want to dedicate to America the best that has been endowed to us in the form of lineal energies.

"All have come bearing gifts and laid them on the altar of America," exclaimed Franklin K. Lane, an immigrant who became Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson. "All brought hands with which to work . . . minds that could con-



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By endowing a cot in perpetuity. Invest \$500 in the life of a slum child. Cot endowment funds are put into bonds and the income from them insures vacations for underfed children. When you make your will remember the children who have no inheritance—not even the heritage of good health.

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"I give and bequeath to The Christian Herald Children's Home, a corporation created by and existing under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of _____ dollars to be applied to the uses of the said charitable corporation."

Signed by _____

ceive . . . stout hearts to drive live minds . . . live minds to drive willing hands."

William S. Knudsen, a former shipyard worker but now a president of General Motors, is such a gifted American; David Sarnoff, president of R.C.A., Dr. Alexis Carrel, Nobel Prize Winner, are others—as before them Joseph Pulitzer, Edward Bok, Michael Pupin, Andrew Carnegie, Alexander Graham Bell, Jacob Riis and Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink—German-American immigrant who lost three sons fighting against her own native Germany. We immigrants are equally proud of Ericsson, of Norwegian birth, who with his "cheese box on a raft," *The Monitor*, turned back the menace of the *Merrimac*.

We're proud, too, of immigrants Hamilton, Gallatin, Gerard. Eight signers of the Declaration of Independence were born abroad, to say nothing of Van Steuben, Pulaski, Kosciusko, DeKalb, Lafayette, and thousands of immigrant Americans of more than a dozen extractions who helped fight the War for Independence and have helped in every conflict ever since.

Those of us today living want to be called *Americans* because that is what eventually we want to become—not merely in a narrow political sense, but more deeply, thoroughly, universally American. We haven't, as yet, become as deeply rooted as have descendants of colonial immigrants, but we should like to believe that fundamentally we are all "the branches of one tree, and the leaves of one branch." We want, eventually, to become as native to America as its mountains, as Jefferson, Lincoln, or Carl Sandburg (whose parents were immigrants from Sweden). We want to be as the tributaries which together swell the great Mississippi.

A lot of us, however, are inarticulate in expressing visions which deep in our hearts burn by day and by night. Transplantation and fear of a strange environment have paralyzed us, made us mute. Occasionally, a Louis Adamic among us rises to speak eloquently in print. But there are thousands of those who can only grunt in broken English, like Papa: "This'a country same as my home country;" or like the Armenian orphan girl saved by the Near East Relief from the horrible Turkish massacres of the World War, who exclaimed on receiving her final citizenship papers: "I've been a wanderer for sixteen years—without a home, without a country. And now, thank God, I have both. I am eternally grateful to America."

What these want really to say is that they want to live here forever in order to repay their debt of gratitude. They want to dig their roots deep into America and help nourish it with all their energy. *That's* the great American Dream of every loyal immigrant.

We came to America, we immigrants, without previous "contacts." We had to explore our way through a "forest primeval" of strange faces in ever strange, ever hostile cities. Handicapped, too, by lack of English, we took whatever offered itself for an honest livelihood. Living was cheapest in the "slums," and to the slums we went in hordes. Many of us in the slums today are not "American" in appearance. Our pants are often baggy, and our women can't afford to change to a new dress every day. Some of us have woeful accents and retain mannerisms of the Old World. We haven't been able to cast them off as quickly as we have wanted to, for the force of habit is a powerful retentive force.

But don't judge us by our looks alone. In spirit we are American. Deep in our hearts we *are* American. We are adapting ourselves to the American Way slowly, perhaps—but inevitably.

Some native-born have expected too rapid adjustment of us, oblivious to the fact that it's a most jarring experience to sever yourself completely from a land in which your mother and father and all your ancestors before them were born and reared, and (Continued on page 57)



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY ELIZABETH STEER HAHN

July, 1939

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

SATURDAY, JULY 1

SOMETHING BECKONS
READ REV. 21:1-7

"MOTHER, were we ever born before."

"What makes you ask that?" I countered.

"Oh, sometimes I have a queer feeling of something lovely I sort of remember, but I can't tell what it is!" My little ten-year-old couldn't help smiling herself, as she made this reply, tho' she couldn't explain any further.

No one of us, I venture to say, but has felt a similar impulse. Probably nowhere is there a soul so depraved that he has never known a vague kinship with, a formless longing for, something above and beyond himself.

Call it instinct, or weakness, or "intimations of immortality" as you will, according to your several natures. The fact remains that here is an experience common to mankind, significant, thought-provoking, pointing the way ever so faintly to a higher level, a nobler way of life.

O Love, changeless, divine, eternal, quicken our spiritual sensitivity so that we may hear the summons to climb up higher. Give us the dogged will to heed that upward vision, never ceasing from striving onward, till we have attained the lofty peak of oneness with Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 2

THE ONLY SURE REFUGE
READ II COR. 4:8-18

I AM not at all sure that there is not a very definite Satan, whose name is Discouragement. Certainly I know of nothing else which can so transform a cheerful, consecrated, capable Christian into a poor, ineffectual, disheartened creature, afraid to make a move for fear it might be the wrong one!

One must be eternally vigilant never to let discouragement get even the slightest foothold. When skies grow dark, and storm clouds gather, let us seek refuge in prayer, the one source of comfort and inspiration which does not and cannot fail.

O Thou divine and loving Father, help us to cultivate the habit of communion with Thee at all times. Help us to live so close to Thee that it is impossible for us ever to become discouraged. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 3

THE SPIRIT THAT CONQUERS
READ JAMES 2:14-26

"DON'T come into the kitchen!" called a boyish voice, as I came downstairs one morning recently.

When we gathered at the table a few minutes later, a somewhat flushed son was playing host.

"These popovers didn't rise as high as yours do," he apologized. "I discovered when it was too late that I had forgotten to sift the flour."

"Some day I'm going to give you a big surprise," said the would-be chef to me that evening on his way to bed. "I'll call you to a breakfast that's the best one you ever ate!"

My hat is off, metaphorically speaking, to such a spirit. Carried over into other phases of life it means the joy and satisfaction of achievement.

O God, help us in whatever we undertake to put forth our best efforts, so that we may be counted worthy laborers in Thy kingdom. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 4

NEW BEGINNINGS
READ TITUS 3:1-7

"I'LL never be any different," said a young friend the other day, "as long as I have to stay in that school. I got off on the wrong foot. Now, no one expects me to accomplish anything, so of course I don't."

How many of us are in a similar situation! Victims of circumstances, so we like to think; actually, slaves of our own bad habits.

It takes courage, backbone, and persistence to change one's self when the environment remains the same, but if the will be strong enough, it can be done.

Heavenly Father, may we emphasize not our own weakness, but the strength that flows into us when we cast ourselves upon Thee. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5

A COMMON FAILING
READ PSALM 37:1-11

EVERY once in a while I find myself one of a group which uniformly, and with one voice, is condemning some persons or forces for evil which seem

rampant in the world today. The denunciation is wholesale, and leaves one with an indefinable regret at so much perfectly good energy gone to waste!

How much better to give oneself up to something constructive!

Here under our very noses is a job that needs doing. Down by the river is an unsavory settlement which is certainly a menace to the children of the section. How can we deal with that? Over across the railroad tracks is a fly-by-night factory, which is exploiting the women and girls in its employ. Can we change that picture?

Grant us, O Lord, the clear vision to see the task that lies nearest at hand. May we have wisdom, courage, and patience to labor faithfully in Thy vineyard, knowing that in the end, Thou must prevail. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 6

CRUSE OF OIL
READ MATT. 16:24-28

"MAY I go with you Mother?"

For a long time I could not understand what lay back of the children's uniform eagerness to accompany me even on the most prosaic shopping tour. Finally I realized that it made them feel rich and expansive to see the groceries pile up on the counter in front of us; to go with me into a department store and come out laden with innumerable small packages.

As we grow older, we discover the immeasurably greater joy in spending ourselves, our time, our money, in service to some great cause, or for our fellows less fortunate than ourselves.

We thank Thee, O our Father, that we may work with Thee day by day in the tasks Thou hast appointed for us. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 7

HASTE MAKES WASTE
READ LAM. 3:22-32

"OH, see what I've found!" All at once Jane rose from the side of the pond and ran stumbly toward the car.

"Frog's or toad's eggs," she guessed, gloating over the gelatinous mass she carried in her hands. "Do you suppose they'll hatch?"

Covered with brook water in a fish-bowl later, they grew as we watched,



from shapeless little dots to elongated commas, with the distinct beginnings of a tail and a head.

Then Jane got in a hurry.

"I've a notion to put them in a window," she said. "I imagine sunlight might make them develop faster."

Alas! In a short time the entire mass turned milky; two or three baby polliwogs dropped from the egg cluster only to lie inert at the bottom of the bowl.

How often we bring our dearest hopes to naught when we take the issue into our own hands!

O God, calm our restlessness with Thine own serene spirit, we pray. Thou wilt work Thy miracles, if we will but wait, in Thine own good will and time. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 8

THE QUIET HEART
READ PROVERBS 17:22-28

WITH some people it is the thing they haven't which seems so desirable.

Right now, to-day, this minute, you possess the ingredients for happiness and serenity. Build your contentment out of the materials around you, under your feet, in your very hands. Do not construct a strawman of unhappiness, based on the thing which under present circumstances is denied you!

So shall you achieve that most precious possession of every Christian saint, a permanent and spiritual peace.

Lord, we lay at Thy feet every needless worry, every idle longing, all our vain repining for what cannot be. Hold us in Thy love, oh heavenly Father.

SUNDAY, JULY 9

THE FOLLY OF RESENTMENT
READ ROM. 12:10-21

RAY burst into the kitchen the other day hot with anger.

"Mrs. Blank is so unreasonable!" he stormed. "She won't even let us set foot on her lawn to get our baseball!"

"She probably thinks you shouldn't play so close to the houses," I suggested. "There's too much danger of breaking windows and injuring shrubbery. Why don't you go over to the vacant lot?"

One of the most subversive emotions there is is this feeling of resentment. The man who gives way to it is beaten before he starts. His mind is not clear; his vision is distorted; he has lost his perspective.

O God, help us to be tolerant of the opinions of other people, kind in all our relationships. Help us to be just and fair and generous in all our dealings. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 10

SPIRITUAL DEAFNESS
READ AMOS 8:11-14

WHEN I was a child, practising each day on the piano, a gentle thump on the floor whenever I persisted in playing a

passage wrong, would remind me that my mother was aware of my mistake, and wished me to correct it. She did not have to listen; she heard, without consciously attending to it, any error in either note or rhythm, her ear was so sensitively attuned to musical sounds.

Habit is a wonderful thing, but habit can also have terrible results. We train ourselves to respond to certain stimuli, just as we learn to ignore others.

So it is when we disregard God's messages to us. The day comes, as it did to the Israelites, when listen as we may, the ears of our spirit have become dulled; *We cannot hear God, and not hearing, cannot find Him.* Woe to us in that day!

O divine and loving Heavenly Father, may the voices of the world never sound so loud in our ears that we cannot hear Thee. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 11

DELIGHT IN THE LAW OF THE LORD
READ JOHN 5:36-39

I WOULDN'T ever have started to learn the violin if I had known it would be so hard," complained Janie.

The more there is to a subject the more it calls for study. When I was a child I used to wonder how my grandfather could keep on studying the Bible for hours every day. Now I realize how richly repaid one is for every hour he spends poring over the treasured Book. Each thoughtful reading will disclose new beauties in familiar passages.

Dear Heavenly Father, we thank Thee with full hearts for this inspired work of Thy devoted servants—the Bible. May the habit be strong within us of turning to it day by day for spiritual food and blessing. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12

BOUND MEN
READ JOHN 8:31-36

IN a discussion group recently, it was a majority opinion that Americans should take pride in their freedom, which natives of this country possess in greater abundance than those of almost any other nationality.

Present at that gathering was an educator conspicuous for his parsimony; a woman who simply cannot resist the allurements of pretty things, so that her husband is always deeply in debt; a man who, with a wife and several children dependent on him, has been repeatedly warned by his physician of a "tobacco" heart, but who says he "cannot give up smoking!"

Freedom? Yes, of a kind. But what of those of us who are slaves of our appetites?

O God, Father of us all, help us to recognize the chains that bind us; give us the courage to break them, the will to persist in our efforts till we become free indeed, secure in our reliance on Thee. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 13

DEPENDABLE
READ LUKE 14:15-24

WE have all had the experience of missing out on some activity because we did not start in time. It is easy to fall into the habit of putting things off. The next step is the postponing of making decisions, especially if they involve the facing of unpleasant facts. Finally comes the loss of all desire to do the thing, once so alluring, which we have put off so many times.

Help us, O God, to be vigilant in following the path we have chosen, so that we may accomplish the things we set out to do—and to Thee be the glory forever.

FRIDAY, JULY 14

MATURITY AND WISDOM
READ II TIMOTHY 4:1-8

"BUT you don't understand," expostulates Youth. "Things are different nowadays from what they were when you were young. I know what I want to do. You can't see it as I do."

"Just a minute," pleads Maturity. "Do you know any more now than you knew at this time last year—two years ago—five years back? And have you forgotten, for instance, the way you felt your first day in school? Is there nothing you could tell your younger brother that would help him meet what lies ahead?"

Help us to help each other, O our Father, so that we do not all need to make the same mistakes. And may we continue to come to Thee for guidance, knowing that Thou art a never-failing source of wisdom and strength. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 15

STEWARDSHIP
READ I TIMOTHY 6:6-16

A GROUP of young mothers was discussing recently that topic of perennial interest, children's allowances. There was the usual divergence of opinion, but one mother's view interested me.

"I give Jean thirteen cents a week," she said. "Out of that, I ask her to save two pennies without fail. The rest she may spend as she pleases."

"There isn't much one can do with a penny, after the dime has gone for something," objected another.

"That's so," replied the first, "but we decided that she was not too young to experience giving some of her own money regularly to the church. We hope she will grow up with the idea that a definite part of all the money she may have should be used for God's work."

O God, as we thank Thee for all the good things which have come to us from Thee, may we bear in mind that we possess these blessings only that we may use them in service to Thee. Amen.

(Continued on page 45)

What's Wrong with This Picture? It appeared in 1881, in the day when jelly-making was a gamble



By Permission Dodd Mead & Co.

Culinary herbs stage a revival with grandmother's herb jellies in high style again



Red raspberries for a fragrant marmalade



Peaches with Brazil nuts make a lovely jam

HERBS

For the Service of Man

IT'S REVIVAL DAY FOR CULINARY HERBS WITH GRANDMOTHER'S HERB JELLIES IN HIGH STYLE FOR FALL

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

Director

CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

THE plan for this autumn bazaar is taken from no less source than the 104th Psalm, "Herbs for the service of man."

Herb raising antedates even the psalmist, going back as far as the Stone Age. The Old Testament mentioned parsley, mint and thyme. Onions, chives and shallots were daily fare for Cleopatra. Caraway seeds were found in the ancient lake dwellings of Switzerland. Mustard was a favorite of the Brahmins in very old India. In America, Indians and Colonials exchanged recipes and herbs—sassafras powder for gumbo, rose water for cakes, thyme for chicken, marjoram for almost everything. Now it's all new again and herbs in jelly are the newest vogue of all. Grandmother's jellies of marjoram and mint, of thyme and tarragon, are back to lend sweet fragrance to the dinner plate.

The herb jelly style got its start on Fifth Avenue. Noting the revival day for herbs, one department store hastened to open an herbery, a branch of the famous Herb Farm Shop of London, a source of herb products since the days of "Good Queen Bess." Here are sold herb teas, herb vinegars, culinary herbs and the English herb jellies. Surely the nectar and ambrosia of the gods of Greek mythology could not be more delicate in flavor or more delectable than these jellies of herbs and flowers. There is sage jelly to en-

hance the enjoyment of goose, duck or pork. Savory jelly so perfect for poultry and with veal, mint jelly for the leg of lamb. Thyme jelly gives the right accent with the roasted chicken. Flowers too contribute their sweet fragrance to the jelly bowl. Marigold jelly, violet petal, rose, to name a favorite trio, the prices a dollar a small jar. Yet any woman can make mint jellies at home for less than a tenth that price.

With herbs in fashion now, plan an herb jelly table for your fall bazaar. Where to buy the herbs? A question to give pause a few years ago. But today the herb world is astir. Hundreds of individual women have turned a small corner of their garden to the growing of basil, tarragon, marjoram, rosemary, chervil. Along the borders of flower beds, of smooth lawns, herbs are creeping back. Numerous universities have herb gardens. WPA projects include herb growing. To locate the nearest commercial garden write to the Extension Department of the State College or the Herb Society of America located in Boston.

Herb jellies can be turned out in sparkling array, every batch of firm tender jelly consistency, assured by the use of liquid pectin. One warning—don't make too much at a time—four to eleven glasses is a convenient amount to handle and assures a uniform product. Then sterilized jelly glasses are not subjected to long waits during which germs collect, and the finished jelly or jam can be poured at once. Also if you make a small batch at a time jelly making is no chore. Two or three batches made with each herb and before the summer is done you have an



Blackberry marmalade is a quick seller

herb jelly supply sufficient to set up a novelty booth at the church bazaar with jars left over for yourself.

Jelly need never spoil. Spoilage is caused by the growth of yeast and mold plants carried by dust. For that reason the jelly maker is urged not to expose jellies and jams to dust or dampness after they are poured. Clean glasses, new paraffin, clean covers are jelly's life insurance. Cover jelly or jam with paraffin just as soon as it is turned into the glass. When cool cover with a tin lid or clean paper covers tightly pasted on. A cool dry cupboard is the best storage place.

If you have an old enamel tea pot pull it out for new use. A handy thing for pouring paraffin. A time saver too, as the paraffin can be heated in the pot over hot water while the jelly is coming to a boil. When the jelly is done, the paraffin is ready. Add only a thin layer at first. When the glasses are cold add the second coating rolling the glass to spread paraffin on all sides. (Continued on page 49)

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR



(Continued from page 43)

SUNDAY, JULY 16

BEDS OF EASE UNPROFITABLE

READ ROMANS 5:1-5

IT is a very human thing for us to complain of the unpleasantness that falls to our lot. Alas, that it should be so much easier to criticize than to praise!

Much as we may dislike it, however, I have come to the conclusion that occasionally, every one needs to wear a hair shirt. Comfort and ease predispose to somnolence of spirit unless one be eternally vigilant. Even the most stalwart soul can be lulled by too soft breezes, into a season of unproductive activity.

We thank Thee, O God, that Thou dost give us hard things to do. May we never cease to respond to the challenge of a life devoted to ministry for Thee.

MONDAY, JULY 17

SO SHALL YE BE HIS DISCIPLES

READ LUKE 22:54-62

TWO statements I have heard lately I should like to challenge.

"Human nature is the one thing that cannot be changed."

"We will always have war because men are, and always will be, human."

If there is one thing we can learn from the record of Christianity it is that men imbued with the spirit of Jesus transcend themselves, and become, for a time, divine.

Have pity, O Lord, on our weakness. Have mercy upon us, and grant us Thy forgiveness. Keep us steadfast in the way of life eternal, and to Thee be the glory forever. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 18

SINNERS ALL

READ PSALM 32

A LITTLE child was unusually quiet while her mother was putting her to bed. Finally bursting into tears, she cried.

"O, I've been such a naughty girl today mother! I went over to Ruth's this afternoon when you told me not to. I'm so sorry. I wish I hadn't done that!"

To us all, at times, comes the compelling necessity of confessing our sins to our Father, and asking His forgiveness. What a wonderful feeling of relief when we lay our burden down, and rise from our knees to face a world made new!

Forgive us, heavenly Father, for all the wrong that we have done. Help us to be sensitive always to the inner voice of warning.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19

LIVING LIFE TO THE FULLEST

READ JOHN 10:7-18

WE HEAR a good deal of talk nowadays about "the more abundant life." We are told that it is desirable for

every one, and at the same time it is implied that one cannot enjoy this abundant life unless he possesses a considerable measure of this world's goods with which to purchase such enjoyment.

Similarly, in the Bible we are told of the Old Testament characters, "the Lord made all he did to prosper."

In this respect, Jesus' teachings were at variance with accepted Jewish belief. Nowhere is there record of His owning anything except the clothes He wore.

The abundant life He promised is spiritual.

Help us to ponder Thy teachings in our hearts, and when by searching we have found out Thy message, may we go forward in Thy strength and by Thy grace to fulfill our mission on earth.

THURSDAY, JULY 20

THY WILL BE DONE

READ MATT. 6:5-13

MOST of us pray with reservations in our minds. We have not learned how to resign ourselves to God's will. It is no wonder, then, that our prayers do not achieve the results we hope for.

No one can really pray unless he is filled with the spirit of love. If there is in your heart any trace of anything that is unlovely, you cannot "get through" to God. But if you can free yourself of all except positive, pure, and lovely thoughts, then God is there, waiting to hear and answer you.

O God, our Father, we empty our hearts of every thought unworthy of Thy children. In humility and adoration we lay at Thy feet our hopes and fears.

FRIDAY, JULY 21

RESIGNATION

READ HEBREWS 12:1-17

ONCE upon a time I had a friend who held the interesting belief that if one rebelled constantly against an unpleasant feature in his life, he would be reincarnated in a similar situation, and so continue till he should learn to accept his cross, and to build the rest of his life around it!

Certain it is that evasion of the disagreeable things that may face us day after day, gets us nothing (in common parlance) but a constantly agitated mind.

Again Paul's advice is apt.

"Let us lay aside the sin which doth . . . beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

Heavenly Father, may we, like Jesus, drain willingly the cup Thou dost hold to our lips, certain that the final draught will be sweet with the consciousness of the fight well fought.

SATURDAY, JULY 22

AS A MAN THINKETH

READ PSALM 119:9-16

SOME people have cluttered bureau drawers, some have cluttered attics, oth-

ers have cluttered minds. Each of these is an index to personality.

"But," you say, "it is easy enough to straighten up a drawer, and, given enough time, most people can clean out even the most untidy attic, but how can we help our thoughts? We do not consciously say to ourselves, 'now I will think about this, or that topic.'"

Maybe we should. Certain it is that we could, if we desired, so fill our minds with constructive, ennobling thoughts that everything unworthy would inevitably be crowded out.

Heavenly Father, take up Thy abode in our hearts, we pray, so that our single purpose may be to dwell always in the light of Thy countenance. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 23

LEST HE FALL

READ I COR. 10:6-13

A crestfallen boy came home this afternoon.

"I guess I am not as good as I thought I was," he mourned.

"I couldn't persuade Mr. Jones that I was the one for the job. He says all of us candidates have to keep on for awhile longer. And I thought I had that cinched!"

A salutary lesson and one that we all need at times.

Just when we draw a long breath and think we can sit back on the oars for awhile is exactly the time when we need to dig in a little harder, at the same moment relaxing not a whit of our customary vigilance.

O God, may we not be contemptuous of the small task, the petty detail, knowing that important things are composed of a myriad minor parts, each painstakingly accomplished. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 24

SELFISHNESS

READ ROMANS 12:1-5

IN OUR neighborhood are twin boys, about twelve years of age, with a six-year-old sister they both idolize. The little girl adores her brothers, and great is her joy when she is permitted to join in their games.

The other day I had a chance to see the three at play. One brother seemed to take great delight in exhibiting his own skill, his superior strength, his speed in getting to first base, etc., looking to his sister for applause, which she generously gave. The other boy consistently soft-pedaled his own accomplishments so that hers seemed not to fall so far short of them. Her consequent satisfaction and delight were heart-warming, and I fell to thinking how "self" gets in our way all along the line, even to the ultimate forgetting of God!

O heavenly Father, take away the love of self, we pray Thee. Fill our hearts with Thy spirit of loving service toward others. Amen.

(Continued on page 59)

Flowers

then she stood and looked at it in sheer beaming happiness.

She rushed upstairs and hung guest towels in the bathroom. Rushed down to try her lovely square of old brocade on the unfaded wall. Rushed to unpack her treasured blue bowl, and fill it with a tangle of lavender cosmos for the middle shelf of the whatnot. Her best blue tea-cloth went on the bare old table, with an old-fashioned goblet of pink roses in the center.

Three bedrooms upstairs. She tried them all, and immediately chose the smallest, with the sloping roof, because its gabled windows looked straight out over the river. "I can see it even when I sleep," she thought happily.

Hung her nightgown and her best kimono in the closet, arranged her twenty ivory elephants in a busy row across the top-heavy old bureau, and was at home.

It was just a little unfortunate that they all happened to come on the same evening. It did not seem unfortunate in the beginning, but in the beginning, Anne had not the least idea that they were all three coming.

Mr. Smith came first, just to make sure that the groceries had come, and the ice-man. And as he hadn't thought to order matches, he went right back for them in his car, leaving Anne his own pack to start the supper. There was no telephone yet, though it had been promised two weeks ago; and besides Anne hadn't really thought of eating until Mr. Smith's coming had made her investigate the groceries.

She started in happily to make a cheese omelet and tea, and when Mr. Smith came back she could not do less than ask him to supper. He had had his supper, but he could take a cup of tea, he said—and some of the cheese omelet, he said later—and just one piece of toast—and some strawberry jam—and one of those cookies—and shouldn't he make some coffee?

It was all very natural, and Anne really couldn't have done anything else; but it was unfortunate when Tom and Walter walked in—there being no telephone—that she and Mr. Smith were sitting at supper together, looking positively domestic, she thought bitterly.

Mr. Smith made it all the worse, too, by being so hospitable. He urged them to have some supper, and dashed out after more coffee, quite as if he had been doing the cooking there for years. Anne became very stiff as he became warmer. And Mr. Smith became more hospitable every moment to make up for it. And what were Walter and Tom to think? She had never mentioned Mr. Smith in telling about the house. She had said she bought it through a real-estate man, and Tom, who had once gone house hunting with her and a friendly real-estate man with one eye, had held the picture as the universal type for real-estate men. He was far from suspecting that this fresh young stranger in the extremely good clothes was another of the same.

Soon Walter—who never liked anyone to get ahead of him—and Mr. Smith were hard at it, suggesting improvements and bragging about just what they could do to this house if Anne would only have the

As I read faces that I see
I think there's something meant for me
To carry out. I smile and then
They smile and brighten. That is when

I think He may have need of me,
I say this in humility.
For kindness in some little part
That softly falls upon the heart.

And so, to those I meet each day,
I would impart a cheering ray,
That never may their lives be dim
But bright with flowers sown for Him.

Ella F. McKee



hammer and nails and a few screws and a bit of board the next time they came.

It sounded to Anne as if she might get a good deal of work done about the house if only this humor continued. But finally, when they began talking about the exact technique they used for putting in base plugs, and how many taps of a hammer ought to drive a nail, she slipped out to the kitchen on the vague plea of something to see to.

Tom found her on the cellar door. It was still comforting, though its splinters were death to silk stockings. The warm, friendly dusk lay thick about them. Katydid still sang in the silent night. Stars beamed gently, and wind rustled the leaves of the tulip tree with a sound like gentle raindrops falling. The old house was warm and comforting at her back. Tom was comforting, but not close enough to be warm, at her side; and they sat in silent contentment until the scraping back of chairs and the sound of footsteps warned them that the duet was over and a change of scene was in prospect for someone.

Mr. Smith was leaving, she found, when she went in, blinking at the light. He had a big day tomorrow. His farewell was friendly. Had he always been as friendly as this? Anne wondered dazedly.

He swung out of the door and into the car. A wave of his hand, a long ah-oo-rah at the turn far below, and Anne was left with Tom and Walter to explain—if she could—everything.

They wouldn't ask her, she soon found out wretchedly. They wanted to know, so they wouldn't ask her. She had to tell them, all by herself, out of a clear sky.

"Isn't Mr. Smith nice!" she said conscientiously, wanting all the while to wring his neck for him. "He has been so kind to me all along. His is the real-estate man of whom I bought the place."

Walter looked at her. He did no more. Anne knew that he was thinking that Mr. Smith was also the reason why she had bought the place. For his glance at the deficiencies of the old house was eloquent.

"Nice chap," said Tom—good old Tom! "His coffee was a life-saver after climbing up that hill. Wish I could cook, or nail things. Twenty-one years in an apartment doesn't fit a man for housework."

"You ought to be able to paint," offered Anne hopefully. "I should certainly think that a man who could paint a picture would be able to paint a woodshed."

"Why, I guess I could," brightened Tom. "Count on me for the painting. I'll paint the woodshed while Walter puts in the base plugs."

Walter became his most superior self again. "Well, you may find that painting a woodshed isn't so easy after all," he deprecated. "There's quite a knack to painting. Perhaps I can give you a start."

"All advice gratefully received," thanked Tom. And meant it.

"We'll have to step or we'll miss that last train," said Walter, who was always on time as well as right.

So they stepped. And Anne was left alone with her house and the summer night.

For a moment she sank into the battered old rocker by her window and looked out on her garden in the moonlight, on the old apple-tree that would be pink and white in spring. And then, all of a sudden, the first warning came to Anne with a shock. She wanted someone to show it to, some one to adore it with her, someone to praise and exclaim and criticise and play with. Not once in her years in a crowded city had Anne been lonely. Now, safe in her own home, she suddenly realized that a house needs more than one person, and that the person her house needed was a man, to saw the dead limbs off the apple trees, to nail up her square of brocade, to take up the parlor carpet and polish the sixteen-inch boards Old Man Barnes had promised her she would find under it, to move this big bureau in the other room and substitute the lovely harp table, for a dressing table, to fix the porch—

This house was a life work for a man, Anne realized. And suddenly another thought came to her, a thought that appalled her and shocked her, and at the same time filled her with a dreadful and delicious certainty.

"I bet you I get married," she thought with horrified decision. "I bet you I do."

Anne thought she managed it very cleverly the next Saturday—for the office closed Saturdays during the summer. She specifically invited Walter to come up for the Saturday after next. Then Friday, after the office, she and Tom went shopping happily for brushes and thinner and white enamel; dollars and dollars they spent in an orgy of enthusiasm.

Tom brought it all up with him by the first train Saturday morning and they had breakfast together on the back steps, with the courses set out in order from top to bottom; grapefruit first, broiled ham and creamed potatoes and cornbread, in covered dishes on the second, and coffee on the third; while they sat on the lowest with their knees near their chins and their feet in the pansy bed.

Full of energy and ham, they went busily in, showing the dishes comfortably under the stove to be out of the way. Tom started on the high steps and Anne started on the low ones; newspapers on the floor; newspapers on Tom for an apron; Anne in her worst smock, sitting cross-legged on the floor. The smell of paint made her eyes smart, but she kept bravely on.

(Concluded next month)



The Good Green Earth



WHEN Heinz finds a place where the good green earth is bountiful, where the summer sun conspires with the soil and rain to yield finer harvests, we settle down and become a part of the community.

For in making Heinz foods there is always a race against time to capture flavor at its peak.

We prefer not to buy vegetables in the open market. All Heinz tomatoes, for instance, must be grown from our own seedlings. These plants have been cross-bred and cultured for over 50 years, resulting in superior tomatoes for Heinz and profitable harvests for the grower.

There are Heinz kitchens in many places.

Located always near the fields where the soil is rich and fruitful, these kitchens become great food centers around which revolve the economic lives of thousands of people. Farmers grow their finer produce with the help of Heinz agricultural experts. Entire cities contribute to the goodness of Heinz 57 Varieties. The local banker, the postmaster, the doctor, the men at the railroad station, the waitress in the restaurant—all have a direct interest in Heinz. In these fine American communities, living conditions are excellent, taxes low and relief rolls limited. Heinz naturally is as proud of this as the citizens are of Heinz!



Thus, many of the pennies you spend for Heinz foods find their way back to people in busy little cities to help build a better standard of living for the families of men who work for you there.

We are always grateful to that Good Green Earth which transforms tiny seeds into rich harvests with the magic wave of a season—and grateful to the men who woo the earth to gain for us the prize products that make our fine foods possible. We have always been close to the miracle of growth and thus learned long ago that a good seed properly planted and carefully tended will bring a good harvest. Perhaps that simple knowledge applied to our own business has helped us to be guests at your family table for 70 years. (57)

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

(Continued from page 31)

Bureau of the Census, of the U. S. Public Health Service, and of life insurance companies show that great progress has been made in the United States in the reduction of morbidity and mortality among all classes of people. This reflects the good quality of medical care now provided. Your committee wishes to see continued and improved the methods and practices which have brought us to this present high plane.

"Your committee wishes also to see established a definite and far-reaching public health program for the education and information of all the people in order that they may take advantage of the present medical service available in this country.

"We feel that in each state a system should be developed to meet the recommendation of the National Health Conference in conformity with its suggestion that 'The role of the federal government should be principally that of giving financial and technical aid to the states in their development of sound programs through procedures largely of their own choice.'"

We, however, disapprove the "General Program of Medical Care, including so-called "Compulsory Health Insurance." This is the section that has caused most of the trouble. It is a plan for "increasing, improving and paying" for "medical care for the entire population." It has caused a storm of protest. The most moderate and cogent objections have been framed by the American Medical Association. Their position has been supported by the American Public Health Association (a national organization composed mainly of public health officials).

This program urges (but does not demand) that the states provide a plan of compulsory health insurance, not for the poor, which are cared for as outlined in the A. M. A. report, but for the rest of the population and especially the low income group, "the wage earner."

The most objectionable phase is the apparent proposal for the government to take over the practice of medicine for "the entire population." The idea seems preposterous unless we are headed for a totalitarian, dictatorial or communistic state in which the government will run the lawyers, ministers, radios, newspapers as it seems to be doing in Germany. If that is to be the case this step is perfectly logical. Two objections strike one at the onset.

1. *Compulsion*: It seems to propose that the government will compel low income persons to contribute some of their wages, while all of the rest of us contribute by taxes.

2. *Regimentation*: Regimentation "of the entire population." The reaction of some Americans against these two items has been immediate and vigorous. They seem to be shockingly un-American. The proposal certainly leads in a direction of giving us far more government than that to which we are accustomed.

Let us hear what the committee of the American Medical Association has to say after hearing Josephine Roche and studying the matter carefully.

"Your committee is not willing to foster any system of compulsory health insurance. Your committee is convinced that

it is a complicated, bureaucratic system which has no place in a democratic state. It would undoubtedly set up a far-reaching tax system with great increase in the cost of government. That is would lend itself to political control and manipulation there is no doubt."

Every word of this cogent statement will bear careful study. Two points will be referred to, the first is the insurance principle. Compulsory insurance is proposed. This assumes they are persons whose level of foresight and self-management is so low that they will not on their own account save money against future illness and buy insurance to protect themselves against emergencies. Hitherto we have, in our democracy, endeavored to educate people to the benefits of taking care of themselves, helping them to independence, and generally urging them to stand on their own feet and strengthening and confirming the feeble knees. We believe that we could not take a man by the back of his neck to economical security any more than we could take him violently and forcibly to Heaven, and his soul's salvation. You can't save the man's body or soul by any dictatorship on earth. God doesn't do it here or in Heaven. At present we prefer to let a man manage his own insurance affairs. We approve the principle of insurance. So do the one million five hundred thousand of us who saved three cents a day to insure against hospital costs up to the beginning of 1938. In 1938 another million and a half of us followed suit. The cost of a newspaper a day is all that is needed. I recommend it.

The government plan provides for something more, i.e.; insurance against the cost of the doctor's attention, the medical fee. The doctor's fee, however, it is important to note, is only 29.3% of what the people of United States pay for medical care, the balance goes for hospital, nurses, medicines, dentists, etc., not to the doctors. Insurance against these costs can be purchased in the same way as the three cents a day plan. You can also insure yourself against loss of wages, against accident. In some states there is a state provision for this.

To understand why the American Medical Association and all doctors are so cautious and insist that no mistakes be made which will cost any large amount of money and make us look foolish in our own eyes, send 13c to Christian Herald, asking for a copy of "On the Witness Stand," by Weston Welsh, published by the Medical Society of the State of New York. That is my Society. It has done strong, unselfish health work for the people of this State. Perhaps your own State has some circular or pamphlet setting forth the cautious. If you have seen the "American Medical Association" criticized or the doctors slandered write to the office of the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, and ask for a circular of their publications of interest to citizens. You will be amazed, delighted to know how much you owe to "the doctors."

The present controversy is only a constructive phase of adjustments that a democracy makes for itself. It is due to our increasing dependence upon each other, and increasing awareness of our mutual needs. It is a problem of living together.

Those who would make a national "Health" act for all of us will find the fundamentals of sound sociological structure in the 12th chapter of First Corinthians. What gives life to all social structures will be found described in the next chapter, the 13th. The secret of power in our human affairs will be found in the first two words of the Lord's Prayer."

The Wagner Act won't do. Let us start all over again on this basis and do a better job—together.

(Continued from page 37)

ligious teaching." I said, "How can I talk to the students about education and leave religion out? Religion is the greatest factor in education." The Principal replied, "It will endanger my position if you say anything about religion." I therefore declined to meet the students.

And that was in one of the states of the United States which does not allow the Bible to be read in any school assembly!

Who is making that attack on an American tradition?

Or take the case of the Church itself, which was once regarded as a bulwark by the founders of this republic. Forty years ago, in my own church, over twenty-five young men and women went out of the church to be missionaries and teachers.

But I do not know of one candidate for the mission field in all the churches in my own town now, in the year of our Lord 1938.

Who has attacked that tradition of the heroism and sacrifice demanded of the church members? Our Mission Boards call home our missionaries on the plea that we here in America cannot pay their salaries, and today some of our missionaries in China are staying on, after being cabled to come home. They are being supported by the Chinese because we, with our millions of automobiles and millions spent for movies and football games, are too poor to support our own missionaries in foreign countries.

Who made this attack on an American tradition?

Yes, who is making these attacks on American traditions? Is our personal liberty as American citizens in peril? And who or what is going to take it away? This is not an attack on the present Administration for any laws passed or attitude taken by the government. It is rather a question raised as to the real causes for departure from American traditions that have been in the past a real part of this nation's power and worthwhileness. As I look at it (and this looks like a good place for the preacher to come to a stop), the attacks on American traditions are for the most part made by the people themselves, cursed by the war they themselves started and fought; and from these results that affect the moral and religious life of the people of America we shall never recover until we have a Revival from on High that is made by the Almighty and not by man. There is only one problem for America and that is the human problem. We shall not have a better America until we have better people. And we shall not have better people until the churches and homes and schools and press and politics are Christian, with Christ at the head of all.

(Continued from page 44)

Below are unusual herb jellies, jams and marmalades to make your jelly sale table a place of wonderment. When jellies, etc. have boiled $\frac{1}{2}$ minute, remove from fire, skim, pour quickly, and paraffin at once.

TARRAGON JELLY

1 cup herb infusion Coloring
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle fruit pectin
 3 cups sugar

Pour $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups boiling water over 2 tablespoons tarragon. Cover, let stand 15 minutes, strain to remove herbs. Measure infusion into 3-quart saucepan, adding water if necessary to make 1 cup. Add vinegar and sugar, and mix. Place over hottest fire and while mixture is coming to a boil, add coloring to give desired shade. As soon as mixture boils, add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil. Yield: 4 medium glasses.

THYME JELLY

1 cup herb infusion $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle fruit pectin
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar Coloring
 3 cups sugar

Pour $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups boiling water over 2 tablespoons thyme. Cover, let stand 15 minutes, strain to remove herbs. Measure infusion into 3-quart saucepan, adding water if necessary to make 1 cup. Add vinegar and sugar, and mix. Place over hottest fire and while mixture is coming to a boil, add coloring to give desired shade.

RIPE RASPBERRY MARMALADE

4 cups prepared fruit 1 bottle fruit pectin
 7 cups sugar

To prepare fruit, peel off yellow rind of 2 oranges and 2 lemons with sharp knife, leaving as much of white part on fruit as possible. Put yellow rinds through food chopper; add 1 cup water and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, bring to a boil, cover, and simmer 10 minutes. Cut off tight skin of peeled fruit and slip pulp out of each section. Add pulp and juice to cooked rind. Crush or grind about 1 quart fully ripe raspberries; combine with orange mixture.

Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, filling up last cup with water if necessary. Mix well. Bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil gently 5 minutes. Remove from fire, stir in bottled fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just 5 minutes.

SPICED RIPE PEACH JAM WITH BRAZIL NUTS

$3\frac{1}{2}$ cups prepared fruit 1 cup sliced Brazil nuts
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice 1 bottle fruit pectin
 $7\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar

To prepare fruit, peel about $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds fully ripe peaches; pit and grind or chop very fine. Add 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves and all-spice, or any desired combination of spices, to ground or chopped peaches. Squeeze juice from 2 medium lemons. Slice Brazil nuts very thin. Add to fruit mixture.

Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, filling up last cup with water, if necessary. Add lemon juice and mix well. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in fruit pectin.

SHE STICKS TO THE "TRIED AND TRUE" PECTIN... CERTO!

MISS MERKEL, I'M HERE FOR THAT INTERVIEW YOU PROMISED ME. I HOPE I'M NOT BOTHERING YOU!

NOT A BIT... IF YOU DON'T MIND WAITING, I REALLY WON'T BE LONG... FOR NOW THAT MY FRUIT IS PREPARED, I'LL BE FINISHED WITH THIS JELLY IN JUST 15 MINUTES!

WHAT! YOU MAKE JELLY IN 15 MINUTES?

INDEED I DO! YOU SEE, CERTO CUTS DOWN THE BOILING TIME—MAKES ALL FRUITS JELL PERFECTLY WITH ONLY $\frac{1}{2}$ MINUTE BOIL!

AND JUST LOOK AT THAT! NO JUICE BOILS AWAY SO I GET **HALF AGAIN MORE JELLY... 11 GLASSES** INSTEAD OF 7 FROM ONLY 4 CUPS OF JUICE!

GRACIOUS! AND YOU'RE THROUGH IN 15 MINUTES, TOO... JUST AS YOU SAID YOU'D BE!

SOMEDAY YOU'LL HAVE TO COME BACK AND **TASTE** THIS JELLY! THAT SHORT BOIL SAVES MORE THAN JUICE, YOU KNOW! IT SAVES **FLAVOR**, TOO! THAT'S WHY JAM AND JELLY MADE WITH CERTO ARE SO **DELICIOUS!**

WHY 3 OUT OF 4 JELLY CHAMPIONS STICK TO CERTO:

1. Certo is the "tried and true" pectin that takes the guesswork out of jelly-making!
2. Certo alone gives you 79 recipes—a separate tested recipe for every fruit!
3. Certo reduces boiling time to $\frac{1}{2}$ minute for jellies—only a minute or so for jams!
4. Certo jellies retain fresh fruit flavor—no "boiled-down" taste!
5. Certo gives you half again more glasses—makes all fruits jell perfectly!

Look for the tested recipes under the label of every bottle of Certo—a product of General Foods.

Says Mrs. K. E. Harris whose jams and jellies made with Certo won 6 first prizes last year at the Wyoming State Fair.

Insist on CERTO THE "TRIED AND TRUE" PECTIN THAT TAKES THE GUESSWORK OUT OF JELLY-MAKING!



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Please send me without obligation
investment particulars, and testi-
monials regarding Income Gift
Contract (Annuity)

Name

Address

City.....State.....

Kindly give your Birth Date.....

(Continued from page 21)

me back to Hill Top?" I pleaded.

Jakie began a plea of his own. "Milly, let's talk about us," he said. "You're a-goin' to marry me one day. I wanted to give you time. But—I love you, Milly, and I want you fer my wife. I need you, honey."

"Jakie—please—I'm frightened. Soon as we get a bite to eat, won't you take me back?"

"All us in the mountains have got to live different," said Jakie. "It may turn out to be best in spite of the way things look now. Our folks have gone plumb crazy with excitement and new ideas we don't know what to do with."

"Will you please take me to Hill Top?" I pleaded again.

"My car's gotta be fixed. It won't run," he said. "I'll take you by eight in the mornin'."

As his car wouldn't run, there was no use to beg him further. Presently Ma called us and we went into the cabin to eat, just as Bud strode out and away. His face was white and set.

Ma gave Jakie and me each a cup of

"Hu-uh?" I whispered sleepily. "Shu-uh!" she warned. "Git up and dress an' come out."

I knew what Vi meant. She realized Miss Wray's possible intention. I slipped on my dress that was thrown over the footboard, picked up my shoes and stockings and hat and purse. Vi opened the front door stealthily and we crept out without squeaking a plank of the floor. In our bare feet, we tipped over the porch, out across the yard and down the road.

There was no moon but we knew the way by the stars. The night noises of the dense forests frightened us but not as much as the thought of going to Camarsand. We sat down on the steps of a little log schoolhouse and put on our shoes.

It was 5 A.M. when we finally reached our cabin on Hill Top and flopped on the beds to sleep. . . .

When I awoke, the sun was near noon. Vi wasn't there. A note on the table explained, "I've got to have a sandwich and coffee. Be right back."

All at once, I became conscious of a commotion in the open court of the Camp. It was what had wakened me. . . . I heard a girl scream. It was Vi!

"I NEVER READ ADVERTISEMENTS"

HOW many times one hears the expression "I never read the ads."

Whenever we hear such a statement we know that the speaker is either hopelessly old-fashioned or is not telling the exact truth. Usually the latter—for consciously or unconsciously nearly everybody reads the advertisements that deal with the things for which they *might* spend their money. Advertising is NEWS. Manufacturers spend millions of dollars every year to improve their merchandise or bring out new and more useful products. And then they spend more millions to tell you about it. Some advertising is absurd, some over-enthusiastic to say the least, but most of it is an honest attempt on the part of business men to tell people what is interesting and new about their products or their services.

Most of the magazines you enjoy would cease immediately if these business men stopped sending you these messages.

In fairness to yourself, your magazines and these advertisers, wouldn't it be worth your while to spend a few minutes each month or each week reading what they are trying to tell you? Try an experiment. Pick up this issue of *Christian Herald* and read all the advertisements—it will take only a few minutes. You'll find out lots of interesting things. And please remember that an advertiser has no way of telling whether or not his advertising is a good investment in any given magazine unless you respond to the advertisement and let the advertiser know where you saw his copy.

milk and a tin plate with a hunk of corn pone and a slice of fried sidemeat. We ate with a spoon or our fingers.

Maybe it's hard for people to realize that I had never seen a table set for a meal until I went to the Mayfair Hotel. I marveled at what Ma had done. She had raised eight children and she had never possessed eight china plates in all her life put together.

Three beds stood in the three corners of our big square one-room cabin. A table, with the Bible, stood in the fourth corner. The younger children slept in homemade trundle beds.

Jakie and I sat on the edge of one of the beds and ate our dinner. Jakie was swell. He truly wanted to set up a different sort of a home; for him and me to learn the new ways of life together. I appreciated that, the fineness of it, but I couldn't even see Jakie because of my interest in Jim.

When Jakie had gone, we all went to bed. It seemed I had scarcely gone to sleep when I felt someone shaking me by the shoulder. "Milly, it's me—Vi. We gotta get out o' here," she mumbled in my ear.

Distinctly too I heard Bud Sprunt's loud angry voice mingling with Miss Wray's. I knew what had happened. Miss Wray was there with her warrant and Officer and Bud. Evidently Bud had decided he'd rather see Vi at Camarsand than Hill Top.

They had followed us and had found Vi!

Then I heard heavy footsteps approaching my cabin! Somebody was coming for me!

Wild, impossible ideas crowded in my frantic brain. I thought of jumping out a rear window—but the window was on the edge of a steep rocky cliff.

What could I do? I would not be taken to Camarsand! They should not shut me up in a jail. . . .

Elemental passions of generations of primitive forebears flamed inside me. I felt I'd—die, before they should get me. . . . I was blinded to everything else.

The next instant came a loud pounding! A voice said, "Open this door—in the name of the Law!"

I made no answer, standing there like a poor hunted wild animal, trapped.

(To be continued)

(Continued from page 25)

While he waited for books, pencils, ink and blackboards to arrive, the teacher told the pupils stories, took them on hikes, catalogued flora and fauna, and taught them to draw maps of the country they lived in. He staged an old-fashioned chicken pie supper, used the money to outfit a baseball team and sent it against a team of white boys. Never before had the Choctaws done a thing like that.

He talked health: Good habits such as inhaling pure air, not coughing or sneezing in other's faces, adequate rest and good clean food. Result: the sick-and-death rate dropped. At the school lunch hour he taught "Proper posture at the table, correct use of spoon, knife and fork and other desirable habits." Result: "I have visited Indian homes and seen children five and six years old coaching their parents in good table manners."

Within the schoolhouse he has set up a small library—books on history, geography and poetry; newspapers; magazines; religious reading materials and bulletins from the Department of Agriculture on soil, seeds, insects, stock, poultry, the marketing of farm produce; bulletins for the women on family health, child feeding, preserving of fruits and vegetables. Once a month he has a mass meeting of people who flock in to his community house to discuss local problems. Before he came, they didn't know they had any community problems to talk about.

Miles beyond the spot where the pavement ends, in Eastern Arizona, is the Place of Healing; forty miles off Highway 66 is Sage Memorial Hospital. Sage is a study in man's humanity to man. Every year fifteen hundred sick Indians come to its doors. Most of them go away cured.

There are one hundred and ten beds, an average of eighty-one patients the year 'round. Twelve hundred more are treated yearly from the field stations. Treated for everything; mostly for tuberculosis. (Out of five thousand cases there have been only three cases of cancer; there has never been a case of scarlet fever.) Surgeons and specialists seem glad to offer their time gratis. A famous bone specialist with a rich practice will give weeks to straightening out the leg bones of a Navajo orphan. They draw in the ether, quite often, only when the Indian nurse tells them in their own tongue that it's all right. . . . Those nurses interest us.

We are equally interested, of course, in the whole program here; the work at Sage is only a section of the work of the Ganado Indian Mission, of which it is a part. Ganado displays a young army of boys and girls and men and women; it offers study in evangelism, education, medicine, public health, community work. Yet—this little white-gowned nurse, in the only training school for Indian nurses in the world, takes the eye and holds it.

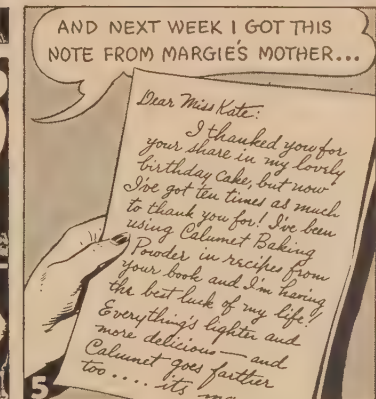
It all started thirty-six years ago with a tiny Presbyterian church established by a handful of white Presbyterian women who believed in the Indian and his future.

(To be continued)

Note: This series by Mr. Mead has now been published in book form by the Missionary Education Movement, of New York. The price is one dollar. It may be ordered through Christian Herald's Book Department if you so desire.

"DID I TELL YOU ABOUT MARGIE AND THE QUARTER?"

LAUGHS KATE SMITH



Send for your copy right away!

"KATE SMITH'S FAVORITE RECIPES"

mailed to you for only 6¢ to cover postage and handling

Radio people are always raving about Kate Smith's baking!

And now you can try all of Kate Smith's masterpieces—for they're all here in this new book. Layer cakes, sponge cakes, tea cakes, coffee cakes . . . biscuits, muffins, nut breads, brownies . . . cookies, frostings!

Every recipe tested in the General Foods kitchens and certain to succeed. Only be sure to use Calumet Baking Powder. It's very reasonable in price and doubly economical because it goes so far.

Get Calumet at your grocer's—and mail the coupon today!



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Kate Smith C.H. 7-39
General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.
I enclose 6¢ to cover postage and handling, for which please send me your new book, "Kate Smith's Favorite Recipes."
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Street or R. F. D. _____
City _____ State _____
(This offer expires June 30, 1940; not good in Canada)

Easy to Open!

One quick twist and the Easy-Opening Top lifts off. No delay, no spilling, no broken finger nails. And inside is a special, convenient spoon-leveler to help you get accurate, level measurements. Calumet Baking Powder is a product of General Foods.

Old Age Policy Pays up to \$50 a Month!

Needed Protection, Ages 65 to 85, Costs Only 1 Cent a Day.

The Postal Life & Casualty Insurance Co., 325 Postal Life Building, Kansas City, Mo., has a new accident policy for men and women of ages 65 to 85.

It pays up to \$500 if killed, up to \$50 a month for disability, up to \$25 a month for hospital care and other benefits that so many older people have wanted.

And the cost is only 1 cent a day—\$3.65 a year!

Postal pays claims promptly; more than one-quarter million people have bought Postal policies. This special policy for older people is proving especially attractive. No medical examination—no agents will call.

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just write us your name, address and age—the name, address and relationship of your beneficiary—and we will send a policy for 10 days' FREE INSPECTION. No obligation. This offer limited, so write today.

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STOP POISONING YOUR BODY WITH FOOD. IF YOU WANT GOOD HEALTH—LEARN TO EAT!



"What you EAT is what you ARE. Good health is impossible if you violate the Laws of Nature. Learn to Eat!"

Above is the sound advice of John A. Loughran, health lecturer, author, radio commentator. This eminent food authority has devoted his life to the study of FOOD and the tremendous effect it has on STOMACH AND KIDNEY TROUBLE, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM and other common ailments. He knows which foods POISON the system—which act as MEDICINES. Do YOU know? Find out these amazing facts for yourself and get back on the road to health! Learn how others stopped suicidal living habits and banished sickness. Illustrated FREE BOOK tells the whole story. Investigate now.

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ADDRESS _____

MAIL COUPON TODAY

(Continued from page 15)

was broken, and there were only a few timid voices raised to stop it. Cardinal Innitzer of Vienna cried "Heil Hitler!" long before the rape of Austria; now, realizing what Hitlerism really means, he has trouble trying to get rid of the ghosts he called for himself. Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich, once fearless, has become quite silent since he saw the synagogues of Munich aflame and since he has received those anonymous letters predicting the same fate for his cathedral. He would find a subtle Nazi method in vogue against the priests; they are arraigned in public trials on the most disgusting charges, which are really a propaganda not against the priest alone but against Catholicism in general. Now I am told there is being planned a "day of German gold" on which the golden ceremonial objects of the Church shall be replaced with less valuable ones, thus taking from the Catholics the objects they have delighted in for centuries, and enriching the Nazi treasury. Another name for this is "thievery."

He would hear in the land of poets and musicians and gentle philosophers the clattering of hobnailed boots and the echoes of military command, everywhere. He would hardly hear any friendly chat between neighbors, or the old songs or words of gaiety. The streets would seem disciplined and clean and in good order—but it is the order and discipline and cleanliness of the prison and the graveyard, not the cleanliness of a happy land. Within the houses he would find much secrecy. He would watch father and mother whispering in low voices, so that their own children might not innocently denounce them in school when their teachers ask what it is their parents talk about.

He who knows everything would see the Ten Commandments turned into crime. He would rest in churches where the picture of Hitler takes the honored place once held by flowers placed there in honor of God. He would find the holiness of Sunday, His Day, desecrated by war maneuvers, the families of the land torn from their church services to march in endless military parades. Father and mother are honored not according to the fifth Commandment, but by the words the children now are forced to speak in school: "You are of no value anyway. WE are the future, says the Fuehrer."

Thou shalt not kill! Fourteen German

(Continued from page 23)

peals to the philosophies of most of the parties or else the strike proposal will not be upheld. As I find conditions in the United States, party lines are less closely drawn and there are no such political checks in the labor field."

Americans who are concerned with the liquor problem will be interested in Holland's "limiting" laws as Miss van Asch refers to them. "We have two groups that are working for betterment, just as you have," she points out, "our total abstainers and those who preach temperance. But our legislation is a very helpful factor. In areas where there are too many saloons, anyone wishing to establish a new one, must first buy up two licenses and so, put one existing saloon out of

University professors of world-fame have been killed or committed suicide. I possess a list of 542 names of victims murdered by the Hitler regime.

Thou shalt not steal! We all know what has happened to the property of the Jews; it has just been taken away from them, with no remuneration whatever. I am an "Aryan" and not a Jew, according to Hitler's ideas; yet I have been deprived of my German citizenship and thereby robbed of all my possessions for the simple reason that I have written a document of truth* about conditions in Germany. It made me a criminal in Nazi eyes. Our house in Cologne has been turned over to a "minister" who was once a welcome guest in that very house, but who now uses it to write his sermons boosting Nazi "Christianity."

And the mild-looking Stranger would wearily turn to the next door and ask for a piece of bread. An anxious housewife would come out and ask Him to show His membership card in Hitler's welfare organization. She would refuse Him bread and water. He would go on down the street, to the Church, where He would see the words "Juda verreckel!" painted on the door. "To death with Juda." Is this, think you, still the house of God?

He would see all this, would Christ. I believe He is seeing it. He still loves German mankind and He waits patiently until it has outgrown its Nazi diseases. He knows that Hitler is not Germany.

Will you forgive me a moment of dreaming? I dream that He rests in one of the great dark woods of Germany. A little girl, frightened at the Nazi terror, sees Him. To give herself courage, she sings. It is an old German song: "Our Dear Lord goes through the woods. . ." And He smiles.

How long before He will come back to rule again? We do not know. But we do know that to millions of suppressed German hearts His presence has given hope and the power to resist. This time, the question is not "Quo vadis?", or "Master, where are you going?" It is: "Master, where shall we go?"

He will not tell them. They must find the way themselves. Perhaps He expects them to put an end to the temporary reign of darkness with their own strength. Not with cannons or guns. It is not so easy as that. . . .

But the victory will be a glorious one.

*SAVAGE SYMPHONY, By Eva Lips, Random House, New York.

business. The number of saloons that can be opened in any new development is also limited.

"When I go back to my country," she continued, "I will try to stimulate the Young Women's Christian Association to an equal interest in both international and social questions as that I have found in so many groups here. But above all, I am conscious of the great need of finding ways in which we can share more adequately in our religious experiences. I think the contribution of my country and those surrounding it, would chiefly lie in the clearer vision of the immense richness of the content of the Christian faith. While American Christianity brings to us the constant challenge to apply this faith to every realm of life."

(Continued from page 39)

bution to mankind if it is limited by Christian idealism. Here we can very profitably examine Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. It is this epistle which often has been called the charter of human freedom, for in it Paul declares that Christ is the whole of Christianity and that through him the individual man may come independently into the presence of God. With one bold stroke, Paul not only liberated Christians from the yoke of the Judaizers, but wrote the Christian declaration of independence from the tyrannies of tradition, sectarianism, legalism, and all exterior authority secular or ecclesiastical which would abrogate the individual conscience.

To limit patriotism by Christian idealism, does not mean men would be unpatriotic. Whether they would or not, men will spontaneously continue to love the familiar. Christian men should continue to obey and serve their country. But whenever the service exacted is contrary to the supreme loyalty to Christ we must stand forth and declare and declare again the judgment of our Christian standards. Fortunately in our own democratic United States, in normal times, protected as we are by the constitutional guarantees of liberty, of press and speech, we can do this without government intervention. But should that time come when we could no longer speak with safety because of tense popular feeling or national emergency, we must still declare our Christian faith. We must hold before men the Fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of men. We must seek to persuade them to love the whole society of man rather than the partial society of nation.

However, we must be realistic, there is no actual society in the modern world corresponding to the universal brotherhood and until that time when a supranational society comes into existence we must submit to the will of the nation.

There are two words which form the crux of our Christian patriotism. They are *witness* and *submit*. First, loving our country, we must love God more. In our love of God and obedience to His Will we will give our most precious gift to our country. Our witness will be our devotion to God and our courageous declaration of His Will as seen revealed in Christ. But we must submit to the laws of the nation. Until that time when there is a great international community, the laws of which we can obey and defend, we must, like these men of old, submit to the will of our country. For there could be no greater evil than the anarchy which would result if these partial societies were destroyed.

Thomas More on the scaffold asked the bystanders to pray for him in this world, saying he would pray for them elsewhere. Then he begged them earnestly to pray for the King that it might please God to give him good counsel. And at the last he said, "I die the King's good servant, but God's first." His was the true Christian patriotism. He submitted while he bore witness, he was the King's good servant but God's first. Thomas More's destiny as the destiny of all men was not citizenship in an earthly kingdom, but sonship in the Kingdom of God.

Beauty-Giving Action

YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN BEFORE

in these
NEW-TYPE
creams
containing
MILK OF
MAGNESIA



A REMARKABLE NEW HELP FOR "Acid Skin!"

Of course you know how Milk of Magnesia taken *internally* relieves excess acidity of the stomach. In just the same way these Milk of Magnesia creams act *externally* on the excess fatty acid accumulations on the skin, helping to overcome unsightly faults and to beautify the skin.

HERE'S a kind of beauty-giving action you've never experienced before in face creams! In these two New-Type creams you can have acid-neutralizing Milk of Magnesia for your skin, in a form which holds it on long enough to be really effective.

If you have what you think of as "Acid Skin" (a troublesome condition caused by excess fatty acid accumulations), if your skin has lost its fresh tone, firm texture and developed such unsightly blemishes as enlarged pores, oily shine, dry scaly roughness, give these new creams a chance to help!

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia TEXTURE CREAM. You've never used a cream like this soothing, beautifying Texture Cream. It is different be-

cause the Milk of Magnesia acts on the external excess fatty acid accumulations on the skin. It gives a new kind of aid in protecting against the mixture of dirt and natural oils which furnishes a fertile soil for bacteria.

A perfect foundation at last! You'll never believe how wonderfully this delightful greaseless cream takes and holds make-up, until you try it! This is because the Milk of Magnesia prepares the skin—smoothing away roughness and removing oiliness and shine, so that powder and rouge go on evenly and hold for hours without touching up!

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia CLEANSING CREAM. Try this new-type cleansing cream just once, and it will be your cleansing cream always! The Milk of Magnesia not only loosens and absorbs surface dirt and make-up, but penetrates the pores, neutralizing the excess fatty acid accumulations as it cleanses. Leaves the skin beautifully soft, smooth and *really clean!*

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia CREAMS

TEXTURE CREAM — CLEANSING CREAM



2 SIZES
30¢ 60¢

*You Wouldn't
Do This*



THEN WHY SUFFER THE TORTURE OF PILES IN SECRET?

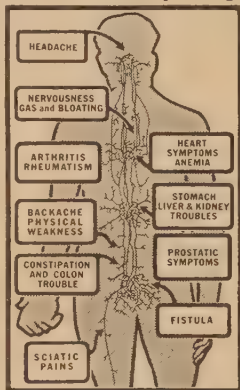
There are four reasons why many people suffer needlessly from the pain of piles, or secondary associated ailments.

● These people do not realize that even the mildest case of piles tends to undermine the general health.

● They do not appreciate the fact medical authorities recognize that rectal disorders are as common a source of infection as diseased tonsils or teeth, and may contribute to associated ailments shown on chart.

● They do not realize that many malignant diseases often develop from the irritation of neglected rectal conditions.

● They have a mistaken idea that to be properly treated for piles means a drastic operation with general anaesthetic—followed by long hospital confinement! All such ideas are far from the truth.



Get the Truth About PILES from McCleary's Latest Book

Written from years of experience by the McCleary staff in treating rectal disorders successfully, this book gives the chief known facts about piles, fistula and colon trouble. Written plainly, it will give you a greater understanding of your condition, explain why the mildest case of rectal trouble should be regarded seriously. It shows the many possible consequences of neglect. It tells about the mild McCleary method which treats patients, except in rare cases, without drastic surgery, general anaesthetic or hospital confinement. Write for this free book and reference list of former patients...mailed confidentially in plain envelope.

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☐ PILES ☐ FISTULA ☐ COLON DISORDERS

Name

Address

City State

If you desire any further information, write us a personal letter, and it will receive prompt attention.

STAMPS...

And Now—The Specialty Album

By Winthrop Adams

THE first five pages of our new loose-leaf specialty album are ready. Five pages for religious stamps: for crosses-in-stamps, madonnas, Christs, churches, cathedrals, Biblical scenes. The five pages cost you only twenty-five cents (cash, not stamps).

These are the first five pages of what we hope will be a very large album. But please remember that we cannot offer loose-leaf printed sheets to hold all the stamps in all the specialties; that would cost much too much, for all of us. So we are offering attractively ruled and printed sheets with spaces for the most attractive and reasonably-priced stamps in religious issues, ships-in-stamps, Red Cross stamps, wild animals, etc., etc. No stamp in any list costs over seventy-five cents.

We mail you the five sheets. Then you go to a five-and-ten-cent store and get yourself a cheap binder; a highschool notebook binder will do, or any other loose-leaf binder you may already have. From time to time we will issue other sheets; this column will notify you when they are ready. We will also supply you with blank sheets of un-printed paper on which you mount such stamps as we have not included on our regular pages.

Get your order and your quarter in early: there will be a rush for these first five pages.

Philatelic Truck

The Philatelic Truck is on the road! This week it was in New York City, and it was patronized almost as well as the World's Fair.

We have been in touch with the Post Office Department at Washington, trying to find out about the Truck's itinerary. That itinerary, beyond New York, is still uncertain, says the Department. It will leave New York on June 6, traveling over the old Boston Post Road through Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and hence to points West. Watch your local newspapers for announcement of its arrival in your city.

The Truck has an exhibit of all types of U. S. Stamps from the first issue of 1847 down to the present day. Also shown are a sample stamp die and examples of both curved and flat plates used for printing the stamps. It is worth going miles to see.

New Books

The Post Office Department has issued a new book on U. S. Commemorative Stamps, containing seventy-two pages and selling for ten cents. It is one of the finest stamp books ever printed in this country. Printed on fine paper, it contains actual size illustrations of our 150 Commemoratives, with the new Presidentials thrown in for good measure; a short story of very interesting historical information (mostly

from the human-interest angle) accompanies each cut. Order direct from the Post Office Dept., Washington, D. C.

The Department is also circulating a 63-page book "A Description of U. S. Postage stamps," for Junior collectors; this will be sold from the Philatelic Truck. Price also 10c.

New Issues

The U. S. Baseball Commemorative will be out by the time you read this. Look soon for a stamp commemorating the opening of the Panama Canal. That makes five U. S. commemoratives authorized for this year, and gossip has it that there may soon be a whole new series commemorating famous Americans, though we can't guarantee it.

American collectors will be interested in the three new Canadian stamps issued in celebration of the visit of the King and Queen; the dealers have them now, or you can get them from any Canadian Post Office. The U. S. Post Office announces that it will issue to philatelists covers marked: "Royal Train, R. P. O., U. S. A., June 9, 1939," from the special train of the Royal party. The covers are not actually transported; they are merely a collectors' item.

Christian Herald Stamp Lists:
(10c Each)
Religion in Stamps
Ships in Stamps
Wild Animals in Stamps
The Red Cross in Stamps

Question Box

(Note: all answers in letters received by this department will be answered in this Question Box, unless self-addressed, stamped return envelope is enclosed.—Ed.)

Mrs. A. H. S., Wyoming: I have some old stamps pasted on album pages; could you evaluate them for me? Ans.: Sorry. We've been forced to discontinue this service. Try any reputable dealer. Scott and Globus are recommended.

Mrs. G. P., Penna.: Do you think it wise to buy stamps from Czechoslovakia, Austria, and other countries that have changed rulers? Ans.: Very wise. Get them soon. They are already going up in value. Get them, also, the Nicaraguan Will Rogers stamps you ask about, from your dealer or by Stamp Club exchange.

Miss F. B., Mich.: Which are the most valuable stamps, cancelled or uncanceled ones? Ans.: Sometimes cancelled, sometimes the uncanceled ones are worth more. Only your Scott Catalogue can tell you.

L. S., Ohio: Do you plan to put out a "map" list? Ans.: No, not unless there is a call for it. Yours is only demand so far.

*Please send me to
Mont Lawn*



A Gift To Julia

CAN you think back into the past clearly enough to remember when you were twelve? What irresponsibility most of us knew—why, life was just a thing of joy; the only disappointments we knew were usually broken promises of good things to come—our greatest bugbears the chores we had to do, such as drying dishes or running errands.

Julia at twelve knows all the drudgeries of a tenement home and none of the pleasures of the usual carefree life of a child; a poor little body showing all the signs of neglect and malnutrition, with all the worries and responsibilities of an adult. There is no mother—just Julia, a younger brother and their father. Julia runs the home and mothers the younger brother.

Last winter was a hard one for Julia—her father seldom had work and as his housekeeper she has been worried and underfed. A child of twelve worried and underfed! A month at

Mont Lawn could wipe out all the hurts and heartaches, and add a little color and life to tired cheeks and dull eyes.

Let us tell Julia today that you wish her to have a vacation at Mont Lawn—we will keep her as long as you will let us. Help us do this for a little child who does so much for others.

The streets of the city's slums pour forth the heat of a thousand furnaces; tenement rooms offer no relief for they are airless and suffocating; in the hills off the beaten track of busy travelers, Mont Lawn with its trees and lawns lies under a great spread of sky and sun-saturated air; in the city where traffic is heaviest, the slum streets spread out under elevated trains, clouds of dust and heat-burdened air. To the children who live in the tenements that line the slum streets Mont Lawn would be paradise!

CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME
Business Office, 419 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

A gift to Julia—a vacation from her poverty and worries—we hope you can keep her at Mont Lawn for a

month. I enclose.....

Name

Address.....



**BE MERCIFUL AFTER THY POWER, IF THOU HAST MUCH GIVE
PLENTEOUSLY; IF THOU HAST LITTLE, DO THY DILIGENCE GLAD-
LY TO GIVE OF THAT LITTLE. FOR SO GATHEREST THOU THY-
SELF A GOOD REWARD IN THE DAY OF NECESSITY. Tobit IV.8,9.**

hear in this room must be held in strictest confidence." The little fellow, now on his uppers, is still entitled to his pride. The former star, looking eternally and forever for a comeback, is entitled to his privacy."

The stories unfold. Bit actress, husband dead, child of three, request for maintenance. . . Set dresser, fifty years old, at present supported by daughter and son-in-law. . . Progressive blindness of left eye, emergency operation indicated. . .

The Board members learn that immediate aid has already been given; the details come up for consideration because even charity must be measured in its kindness. It can't be impulsive, for always the demand is heavier than the supply of money.

"Extra man, married, aged thirty four; entire wardrobe in pawn, therefore unable to accept calls for work. . . ." There is an awkward silence. Some extras don't come within the provisions of the Fund by-laws. Well, why don't they? Because endless thousands of them are merely "casual employees" who have some regular occupation which they combine with occasional motion picture work. Technically they can get aid from other relief organizations. This particular applicant, for instance, is usually employed as a clerk. But somehow, in spite of the technicalities, the extra man gets the money to take that dress-suit out of hock. A stage actress gets fare to go back east, although strictly speaking she's a case for the Actor's Fund, as she hasn't been in pictures the required three years. . . . And the child dancer receives help for his mother—even if children don't qualify. . . .

The portfolio for this Board meeting is empty. The members rise from the table. It is past midnight. Not a single application has been refused, all the in-betweens have been cared for. The medical cases, the food allowances, the sixty-seven rent requests, the loans to those who want to be tided over till the next job, all attended to.

Next month the Board of Trustees will have to worry about raising more money than it anticipated. But then, the people on the motion picture lots—the producers, studio heads, representatives from the Guilds of the Publicists, the Art Directors, the Film Editors, Make-up Artists, Sound Technicians, Cameramen, Writers, Actors, Directors—will find a way. For that is part of the beat of the heart of Hollywood.

Hedda Hopper spoke to me about the Assistance League.

Eighteen years ago, Mrs. Hancock Banning, member of a California pioneer family, which used to own Santa Catalina Island, started the Assistance League.

Without capital, but with a seemingly fabulous ideal, the original group incorporated itself, leased the present site of the League in the heart of Hollywood and began its practice of making the league mean just what its name says—An Assistance League.

From that original building, the Assistance League has grown into a colony of several buildings. Some of the original members themselves lent money without charging any interest; banks were consulted and loans obtained, and as its latest construction achievement, the League is

completing its Club Hall where all the activities can have central representation.

Hedda Hopper says she never knew of anyone asking the Assistance League for help who didn't get it. The Thrift Shop is a vital department because it provides employment for aged who probably could not find any other outlet for making themselves useful. They do simple tasks which earn them a living wage. If it seems clear that they will never find gainful work again outside, they are employed by the League until they die. Younger applicants are taught arts and handicrafts as a means of earning a place for themselves in the economic world outside.

Perhaps one of the most ingratiatingly human aspects of the Assistance League is the Day Nursery which offers a haven for the young children of Hollywood mothers who have to work. The children begin to come in as early as seven o'clock in the morning. The most expert of child training is provided all day until six o'clock at night, when their mothers come to take them home. By that time the children have had a hot supper and need only to be taken home and put to bed. During the day social adjustment and character building methods are applied to their care and the sting is taken out of their lives, of having to be separated for long hours from their mothers.

The Assistance League maintains boys' and girls' clubs, with summer camps for vacation time, and the opportunity to learn to sew, and do carpentry, and to put up their own lunches for school at their clubhouse. The Family Welfare department and the Day Nursery are both beneficiaries of the Community Chest, with supplementary funds from the parent Assistance League.

To the Gift Shop and the Tea Room maintained by the League, the stage and screen give active assistance in the way of days of service as waitresses, hostesses and saleswomen, and church workers of every denomination donate many hours of volunteer service each week, beside making generous contributions.

The membership of the Assistance League is truly a cross section of community life. Side by side work members of the oldest and most celebrated families of California society with professional entertainers, educators and renowned scholars, and the Assistance League is another example of the fact that in Hollywood's heart there is no bar of race, color or creed. People come from all over the world to see Hollywood. They hear of its hard side, of its glamor, and its tremendous successes. But the League represents the gentler, more friendly side of Hollywood, helping those who have failed—often through no fault of their own. Yet it is by no means a motion picture enterprise, except that anything in Hollywood is connected with the motion picture industry in the same way that anything of life in Detroit is connected to a degree with the automobile industry. The Assistance League helps those who are not eligible to the motion picture relief fund requirements, and those, likewise, who are not eligible to county or state relief.

The Hollywood Studio Club was founded in 1916. It was created to meet an emergency that could exist nowhere else but in Hollywood—as a safe harbor where girls with ambitions to get in the movies might

moor their boats of dreams, while they waited for a favoring wind—and so the Studio Club has grown up with the town.

The first meeting of the Studio Club was a small group of girls who got together in the basement of the Public Library one evening and read Ibsen together. The history of the Club is a progress through increased membership interested in gymnasium classes and the actual formal organization of the Studio Club under the aegis of the Y. W. C. A., through the renting of a residence with the help of Hollywood business men, and its later purchase by the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.. In the early years, when even the attic was partitioned into rooms, there was room for only twenty girls. Since the dedication of the new building, in 1926, more than 700 girls have made it their home, in addition to several hundred others who have come as transients. Almost every state in the Union and some sixteen foreign countries have contributed at least one aspirant to Hollywood's Hall of Fame, giving the club a really international aspect. At least twenty-five colleges are represented by about one hundred girls. The American Academy of Dramatic Art, small town high schools, sometimes a grade school, have appeared on the passports offered by many. Ages in the Club have varied from eighteen to thirty-five,—merely because that age limit is set,—though there has never been an age limit among those who have applied.

The profession of acting is the one that interests about half the total number, and more than a third of the rest are in other lines of studio work, or want to be. Secretaries to stars, writers or producers; script girls; research workers, film cutters, writers of feature articles for the newspapers, of stories for fan magazines, or of publicity for stars or studios; hairdressers, costume designers, cartoonists. And now Hollywood has become an important radio center and the Club houses many a young radio hopeful.

The various phases through which the motion picture industry itself has passed have been reflected in the life of the Studio Club. Economic conditions in general—especially felt in the studios—have led to many emergencies among the girls, and adjustments in club administration—such as free telephone service for girls trying to secure work, lowering of some room and meal rates, the employing of girls in a few club jobs in return for meals and room, participation in the benefits of a Relief Fund voted by the City Council and effective for a few months in 1931 and again, later, have all been phases.

The Club building has been used increasingly by outside groups, some affiliated with stage and screen, others from the community in general. The Studio Club has become established in both the community and the industry and is recognized and called upon in many community and industry activities and problems.

A prayer was offered by Dr. Willie Martin at the dedication of the Studio Club building; and Dr. Martin prayed, "May it be a House of Friendship made beautiful by service, courtesy and love—a place where dreams come true, where doors are opened into every field of loveliness. . . ."

"Yes," Hedda Hopper had said, "Hollywood has a heart."

(Continued from page 41)

suddenly find yourself in a civilization as drastically different from your own as to believe yourself transplanted to another planet.

It was one of the fallacies of the Melting Pot theory of Americanization that every immigrant could strip himself of all that had been an intimate part of him for hundreds of years, dip himself in a hurried bath of Americanization and emerge a "full-blooded" American. It simply didn't work out that way. Recall that the famous Adams family, of English background, tilled a farm for 125 years at Braintree, Massachusetts, in total obscurity before John Adams emerged from that obscurity. Won't you give the average non-Anglo-Saxon immigrant a sporting chance?

Take your Italian, for example, a product of more than two thousand years' growth on the same soil. Can you expect him to throw off rich cultural vestments and become an American overnight? It is ridiculous to contend that he can.

Exclaims Henry Goddard Leach (speaking of Scandinavian immigrants): "The people who bring with them to us such potential racial assets surely deserve a careful reception. Let us think twice before lowering them into the melting pot. Surely we should not criticize them too severely for remaining among us for one or two generations in segregated groups where they can set up again their own cultural environment and learn to adapt it slowly to the life of the New World."

During my early years in America I worried a great deal at the distinction these nativists made between native-born and immigrant Americans. I couldn't see why anyone who was earnestly trying to make a good citizen should not be considered on an equal basis. And I wondered, often with dismay, whether I would always be treated as one born "on the other side of the fence" simply because I had not been born in America, an incident obviously beyond my own volition. Later on, I was to take much comfort in Pearl Buck.

"I find we are all immigrants, we Americans," she wrote. * * "Everybody in the United States is now or was once foreign born. I find it ridiculous to hear a man whose great-grandfather came to this country look down on a man who comes in now, and call him "alien." For what is a hundred or two hundred years in the life of a nation?"

Last summer I asked an eighty-seven-year-old descendant of old Revolutionary stock what the attitude of immigrants should be toward America. "They ought to act as though this was their home," he answered. "Take part in all its activities according to their conscience. Obey its laws. Make good citizens. Help make this the greatest country in the world."

With great diversity in our cultural backgrounds, we immigrants have brought to America the special attributes of the English, Germans, Scandinavians, French; the thrift of the Dutch, the musical quality of Italians, the strong muscles of Slavic people, the cultural richness of Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Irish! The

* * See "On Discovering America," Survey Graphic, June, 1937.

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assets of forty other cultural and national minorities are ours to adopt to the American Way. The source of America's phenomenal rise in a comparatively short time is traceable to this diversity of hybrid qualities. Ours is a cultural heritage unmatched in the history of man.

The American of tomorrow may be expected to represent a rare amalgam nourished from all corners of the earth. He may well be both cosmopolite and composite, a "superman" no less, conceived from the energies of all men, of all time. The heritage of the ages will become America's priceless heritage. Some sociologists and historians (I once heard Edna Ferber claim the same) already contend that America will experience a cultural Renaissance that will transcend ev-

erything which has transpired in the world of man.

We immigrant Americans believe fervently in this Greater America of tomorrow.

And already we are working toward that goal in order that our children may take full part in the years to come. Note the following preamble quoted from the constitution of a national Greek society:

"The choicest attributes of Hellenism will be joined with the choicest attributes of Americanism, out of which the highest type of American citizen will grow. Our goal is to harmonize, foster and immortalize the thought, scope and precepts of Hellas, leader of antiquity, and America,

(Turn to next page)



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(Continued from page 57)

the leader of modern times."

A noted French critic not long ago declared the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini to be superior to anything in Europe. "But how is it possible not to achieve such perfection," he explained, "when American orchestras are formed from the best players in all countries?" A count revealed that the orchestra was composed of thirty-four native-born musicians; seventy-two American citizens born in fourteen different countries; twelve aliens, each having taken out his first papers.

Regarding the so-called "alien menace," I may quote William Seabrook as a highly reliable observer:

"The menace is nothing for anybody to sit up nights worrying about. What I saw and heard (among a cross-section of a million or so Scandinavian, Italian, German, Polish, Russian-Americans) led me sincerely to believe that our Melting Pot—despite the fact that it bubbles, emits steam, and occasionally has to be skimmed of scum—is producing a good, sound healthy conglomerate. . . Ours is as good a basic form of government and social fabric as has yet been tried.

John Ruskin once said, "That country is richest which nourishes the greatest number of happy human beings.

We believe America is by far the richest country in the world.

And yet, it could be happier, therefore even richer, and this without losing any of its greatness, if only it would become more cognizant of the problems of adjustment facing her immigrant minorities.

I speak from "both sides of the fence," since my years have been divided about equally between Europe and America. I know that many of the antipathies toward immigrants find cause in the antics of the ingrates and those who will not assimilate readily. But let's note that we are all part of the great American family now, and we've all got to live together under the protective roof of one government. There are apt to be unpleasant "in-laws" in the best of families, and bad neighbors in every nation. But millions of us—Mr. Seabrook tells—will make good Americans. Isn't that worth remembering?

We want to be led in the direction of the American Dream by responsible sociologists, economists, educators, statesmen (not politicians). We want to be molded to serve the great destinies of the America of Tomorrow.

Immigrant Franklin K. Lane once idealized our sentiments in these words:

"At the altar of America we have sworn ourselves to a single loyalty. We have bound ourselves to sacrifice and struggle, to plan and to work for this land. We have given that we may gain. We have surrendered that we may have victory. We have taken an oath that the world shall have a chance to know how much of good may be gathered from all countries and how solid in its strength, how wise, how fertile in its yield, how lasting and sure is the life of a people who are one."

This is our dream today, and it is woven into the fabric of the American Dream of the Founding Fathers.

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NATURE'S HERBS CORRECTLY COMBINED

(Continued from page 45)

TUESDAY, JULY 25

THE STUFF LIFE'S MADE OF
READ PSALM 90:10-17

WHAT a mystery is time! At once elusive and ubiquitous, challenging and boring, a promise and a punishment.

Could we but realize it, no day passes without bringing to each of us some enriching experience. Pleasant things make some days memorable, but sorrows and disappointments are frequently more fruitful than joys.

O Thou who changest not, help us to fill our days with kindness shown to others, with work well-done for Thee.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26

UNPROFITABLE SERVANTS
READ MARK 10:17-22

THE greatest company in the world, the people who fall just short of the mark, the vast number of "also-rans," the hosts of "almost" men—how they must wring the heart of the Almighty!

Agrippa saying to Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

The rich young man, shaking his head and going sorrowfully away.

You and I, closing the door on the supreme blessing because we will not relinquish our grasp on some material possession, never satisfied, never completely fed with the bread of life!

Open our eyes to our own poverty of spirit, O God! Forgive us our half-hearted allegiance, we pray, in humility and repentance.

THURSDAY, JULY 27

FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH
READ PSALM 148

"PITY the poor Eskimo
In his land of ice and snow."

"I like snow," observes Cynthia, when her mother reads these lines to her. "Snow is pretty. Let's go sliding."

Yes, snow is pretty; winter itself is beautiful. But so is summer.

Is there anyone who can walk in the woods or through the meadows these days and not be uplifted and inspired by the beauty everywhere?

Life itself is vibrant, swelling, surging about him. All nature is a-hum with joyous, lusty living. One becomes immediately mindful of the great Creator.

O Thou who dost reveal Thyself in all the works of Thy hand, may our dreams derive a lofty purpose from the awe and majesty which invest Thy being. Amen.

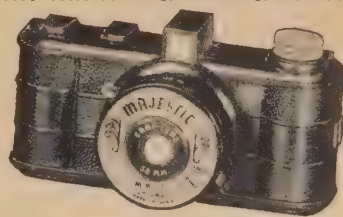
FRIDAY, JULY 28

JOINT HEIRS
READ PSALM 8

"IDREAD the day when I am on my own," confided a young man of my acquaintance recently. "Some of the fellows I know who had a good start are

(Continued on page 63)

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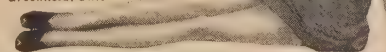
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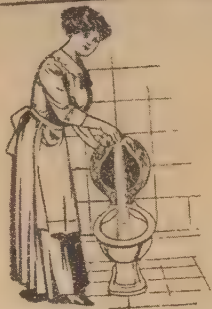
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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR JULY



Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.



JULY 2, 1939

I KINGS 3:5-15

"THE wisest man that ever lived" is the description commonly applied to Solomon. Seldom has a young man come into a kingdom with a greater inheritance than that which belonged to Solomon when David's reign of forty years ended.

A Turbulent Beginning. Solomon almost failed to get the kingdom when his brother Adonijah started a movement to have himself crowned as king. Only the expressed will of the feeble David, in line with his former definite promise, established Solomon on the throne.

Solomon's Religious Inclination. Although there was unity in other things the worship of Jehovah was not centralized. There were many places where sacrifices were offered and incense burned, and these were called "high places." Gibeon was called the great high place, probably because the tabernacle of Moses was there. It was therefore fitting that the young king should have a great religious assemblage, with many animals offered as sacrifices to God.

Solomon's Wise Choice. God frequently reached His servants through dreams, and some important messages were thus imparted. This was the first of three in Solomon's career, and it offered to him a great choice on the threshold of life,— "Ask what I shall give thee."

The king's reaction to this dream was to show his further gratitude to God by acts of worship performed before the ark of the covenant—that other monument of the Mosaic religion. The ark had been set up by King David on Mount Zion in Jerusalem.

Thus Solomon began his reign with humility and acknowledgment of God. That he was not always humble and that he did not always acknowledge God do not detract from the influence of his great start.

JULY 9, 1939

I KINGS 11:26-43

THE outstanding points in Jeroboam's life are as follows: (Each may be made a subject of research and particular comment.)

1. He was an obscure man (an Ephraimite) of common parentage employed by Solomon on "The Millo," one of the defences of Jerusalem.

2. An important interview occurred between Ahijah the prophet and Jeroboam. In it the prophet took Jeroboam's outer garment, tore it into twelve pieces, gave ten of them back to Jeroboam, and said, "The twelve tribes of Israel, Iaving made up the kingdom of Solomon, are soon to be divided. You are to become king of ten of them. The other, Judah, (including

Benjamin, also) is to be retained in David's family, as God's recognition of that worthy man."

3. When word of this prospective rival to his son came to Solomon's ears, he sought to kill Jeroboam, but the latter escaped into Egypt, where he was safe.

4. At Solomon's death, ten tribes broke off from the central government at Jerusalem, and they never again were united. The northern kingdom was called *Israel*, with Jeroboam as king; the southern *Judah*, with Rehoboam as king.

5. Jeroboam, to keep the minds of his people from being centered on their religious observances in the temple and in Jerusalem, set up two golden calves, one in Bethel, one in Dan, and said to his people, "These are your gods." The union of the ten revolting tribes should have been established on the true worship of Jehovah. There was no necessity to introduce idolatry and its ever-present materialism.

JULY 16, 1939

I KINGS 12:1-20

REHOBAM, first monarch of the southern kingdom, Judah, is a fine example of one who is "all things to all men." "He had no stability of purpose, and his last counselor generally determined his actions. We are told that 'he did evil because he fixed not his heart to seek the Lord.'"

It was a time for change in the policies of the government. Solomon had imposed what the people called "grievous service and a heavy yoke" upon them. The grievous service was enforced labor; the yoke was taxation. A delegation waited upon the new king. Would he help the condition of the people by making their load lighter?

Rehoboam's Choice. First to the elder statesmen he went—to those who had advised with King Solomon. They said that this was the time for concession and leniency. His one chance to make friends with the unhappy populace was to grant their desire, at least in part. Next Rehoboam sought the aid of men of his own age and younger. They advised that Rehoboam refuse the plea and show his might by bearing down all the harder.

The advice of the young men pleased the vanity of Rehoboam, and he in turn announced it to Jeroboam and the men of Israel. "I will add to your yoke," he said. "In proportion to the whips my father used I will chastise you with lashes on which metal points are fixed so that each blow might wound like a scorpion's sting."

Even after the ten tribes, disappointed and disgusted, joined in their battle-cry of rebellion, "To your tents, O Israel!" Rehoboam sent an envoy to seek some way of

adjustment. But with extreme lack of statesmanship he chose for this task Adoniram, who had been the director of the compulsory labor. In their wrath at such treatment the men of Israel stoned Rehoboam's messenger, and the die was cast.

JULY 23, 1939

II CHRON. 14 AND 16

WE HAVE seen how the worldliness of Solomon's last years prepared the soil for the growth of division. The entrance of idolatry and heathen religious practices in the whole kingdom made it almost a certainty that these evils would continue in the two parts.

An Early Reformer. After Abijah came the first bright spot in Judah, the time of reform under Asa, who enjoyed a long reign of forty-one years, paralleling seven kings of Israel in the same period. Asa was the exact opposite of his predecessors, for he was commended for his piety, and they were defamed for their wickedness. His reform was at three points: (1) he destroyed the altars, images, and centers of worship belonging to false religions; (2) he commanded Judah to fulfill the law of God; (3) he fortified and built up strong cities and prepared a large army, 300,000 men of Judah, 280,000 men of Benjamin.

By these strenuous movements of piety and military defense Asa brought peace for more than ten years. When the clouds of war appeared, Asa had a firm hold on himself and on his people. His army was ready, and he availed himself of a still more potent weapon—he called upon the help of Jehovah against the invading multitude of Zerah the Ethiopian. Asa in prayer is a much more attractive figure than Abijah or Rehoboam in revelry.

JULY 30, 1939

II CHRON. 17:1-19

THE fourth king of Judah was Jehoshaphat, following his father, the good king Asa. The twenty-five years of his reign were prosperous, and were marked by the widespread influence of a king who was determined to have the way of Jehovah followed by all his people.

1. He depended on military defenses against his enemies, particularly Israel, by means of walled cities, and garrisons of armed soldiers stationed at strategic points. 2. He walked in the commandments of Jehovah, and had nothing to do with idolatry. 3. His own people realized how great a king he was, presenting to him gifts and increasing his wealth. 4. He destroyed the centers of heathen worship and idolatry. 5. He established a system for teaching the word of God. 6. Neighboring nations brought him gifts to show their respect for him. 7. He increased his standing army to a size larger than it had ever before attained. Over them he placed five chief captains. 8. In some parts of Judah he erected castles as places of refuge in case of invasion, and cities of store for the collection of arms and provisions. 9. His alliance with Ahab, wicked king of Israel, is to be placed on the liability side of his account. 10. He established a new and effective system of administering justice.



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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

EDITED BY

Paul Maynard



This house in Cologne, Germany, was once the home of Eva Lips, the author, and her people. How the Nazis took it from her and made her an exile is told in her stirring article on pages 13, 14, 15 of this issue

Are We This—or That?

Shenandoah, Iowa

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Having read the *Christian Herald* for many years, I must express my utter disgust at your war propaganda and hate-preaching going on all the time in your editorials. You are actually doing the same thing which all our "100% Americans" indulged in during the World War. What a pious, sanctimonious bunch of hypocrites you are! . . . Yes, I was a volunteer during the last war, not a drafted hireling.

A. O. Z.

Des Moines, Iowa

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

What a spineless lot you are! All over the world weak, helpless people are being trod under the iron heel of imperialism, and the leading religious journal in America looks the other way! Have Christians lost all their righteous indignation?

J. B. T.

J.B.T., meet A.O.Z. When you two decide what we'd better do, let us know.

The World's Fairs

Des Moines, Iowa

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Why do you knock the World's Fairs in California, and New York? Your attitude seems pretty small to me.

Yours truly,
Eva Watrous

If anything we have written can be interpreted as a knock, we guess



it is because up to a few days ago we had seen neither one. Now that we've been to at least one (N. Y.) we heartily recommend that one to every reader. There is plenty to see and enjoy without going near some of the questionable exhibits in the amusement area—but take plenty of shoes.

Legislation and the Doctor

Springfield, Missouri

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I have just read the article in the June issue entitled *Life, Liberty and the Doctor* by Dr. C. Ward Crampton. You wouldn't expect a doctor to be in favor of any legislation which might curtail practice would you?

Yours,

C. O. Thomas

The medical profession has backed more restrictive legislation on themselves than any other profession of our knowledge.

A Heart-warming Letter

Gaylord, Michigan

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I had the indescribable joy of seeing nine more of my people from the country come in for baptism and uniting with the church, and I credit *Christian Herald* with being the major influence in leading them to this decision.

Sincerely yours,
S. H.

It just happens that the editor knows a little more about S. H. than is revealed in this heart-stirring letter. He (S. H.) personally secured the subscription which gave *Christian Herald* the opportunity to help these people find God.

"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

This Speaks for Itself

Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen
Minneapolis, Minn.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

May I be privileged to convey to *Christian Herald* earnest appreciation for the article entitled "A Gospel of Safety," as appearing in the March issue of this year.

The author, Wallace Woodford, obviously well informed in railroad matters, deserves high praise for his illuminating and documented article descriptive of the activities of Reverend Lorenzo S. Coffin in behalf of railroad safety appliances.

Coffin rendered a contribution of such

vast import to American railway men and the traveling public that it cannot be mathematically computed in ultimate beneficial results, because of its immense saving of life and limb as against the startling casualties and accidents occurring to railroad men prior to enactment of the safety legislation he so unselfishly sponsored. May the memory of this great soul be always revered by our American civilization.

Very truly yours,
Gottfrid Lindsten

Christian Herald always feels honored by the approval of so fine a group of Americans as the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

Miss Kirkland's Christmas Article

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I must express disapproval of one statement in the Christmas article by Winifred Kirkland, who does not know that the Magi came with Gifts for our Infant Saviour.

That one statement spoiled the article. The Bible is God's message to men. Its writers were inspired by His Holy Spirit, and to doubt it is to doubt God Himself.

Mrs. G. W. Young,
Roseburg, Ore.

Perfection is a rare quality, Mrs. Young. Why let all the beautiful, helpful things of life be spoiled for you because you think you find a slight flaw. Miss Kirkland cast no doubts whatever upon the truth of the Bible.

That June Cover

In reply to several inquiries, we are glad to explain that our June cover was from a painting by the French artist, A. Thieme, and the scene represents Fishing Boats of Concarneau (Brittany).

A Correction

Through an inadvertence, the upper right hand cut on page 16 of our June issue was designated as Philip Gustafson, author of the article. It should be, of course, Dr. Bratt who devised what is now known as the Bratt System of Liquor Control. *Christian Herald* regrets the error.

★ ★ ★

THE COUNTRY PARSON

We had hoped to announce the selection of the Country Parson in this issue, but the contest has been so close that more investigation is necessary before making the final decision. There will be a complete announcement in the August issue.

(Continued from page 59)

back home again, with nothing to do. I'm afraid I may not make a go of it, either."

Distrust of oneself, doubt of one's own powers, are a powerful deterrent to accomplishment.

Make us worthy of our kinship with Thee, O heavenly Father. Help us to follow Jesus in all we do, proud of our high heritage, humble and contrite in our dependence on Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 29

SAFE HARBOR
READ MATT. 11:25-30

EVERY once in a while we come to a place in the road where it seems absolutely impossible to proceed.

Everyone knows the feeling—one of utter desolation. We are lost and alone.

Lift up your head. There is One standing, with pitying eyes, ready to help.

Almighty God, we come to Thee as children to their faith. Bear us tenderly in Thy keeping until another day. For the sake of Thy dear Son, our Saviour. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 30

"TIME OUT"
READ ISAIAH 40:25-31

ONE of the hardest things for an active person to accept cheerfully is being forced to give up for a time his favorite pursuits. Most of us resent being put, even temporarily, on the shelf. It is only the disciplined mind that can see, in any period of inactivity, opportunity to store up energy for the future.

And God, somehow, comes very close to those with time to listen to Him!

O God, loving Father, divine Redeemer, source of all beauty and light, comfort us with a sense of Thy presence ever near to strengthen and bless us.

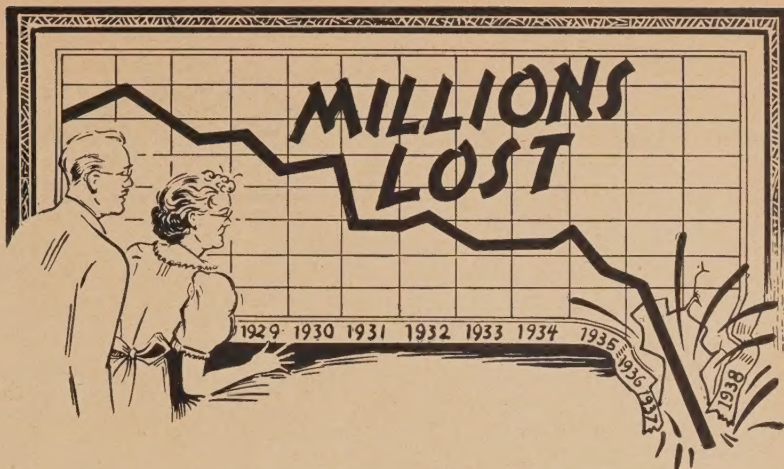
MONDAY, JULY 31

MOUNTAIN-TOP
READ PSALM 84

THIS morning I had it—the most wonderful experience that can come to the soul of man. In one revealing flash I saw the truth. The path that I have followed for so many years, never seeing more than one step ahead, never knowing whither it was leading, sure only that it was God's hand which led me on; that path lies clear in the light of revelation.

At last I know the meaning of the weary road I've traveled; I see God's purpose in all the experiences that have fallen to my lot; on my knees, with heart and soul overflowing with gratitude I thank my Father for every pain, every disappointment, every joy, and every sorrow that has come my way. Now is faith justified. Never will I doubt.

O Thou divine Redeemer, Thy children plead for patience, for wisdom, and for courage. May our ears be ever open to hear Thy voice. Amen.



METHODISTS HAVE LOST MANY MILLIONS

by unprofitable investments
in the last ten years

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CONTENTS

| | |
|--|----|
| Cover Design—Alexander Hamilton Bertram Zadig | |
| THE BEST IN RADIO..... | 2 |
| Aileen Soares | |
| OUT OF MY MIND..... | 4 |
| Daniel A. Poling | |
| NEWS DIGEST OF THE MONTH..... | 7 |
| FRONTISPIECE—VOICES | 12 |
| Grace Noll Crowell | |
| IF CHRIST CAME BACK TO GERMANY 13 | |
| Eva Lips | |
| HOLLYWOOD HAS A HEART..... | 16 |
| Janet Mabie | |
| FOREIGN INVASION—A SERIAL— PART II..... | 19 |
| May Dixon Thacker | |
| HOME LIFE MEANS SOMETHING..... | 22 |
| Anabel Parker McCann | |
| PARADE OF BROTHERHOOD— PART V..... | 24 |
| Frank S. Mead | |
| A HOUSE NEEDS A HUSBAND— A STORY | 26 |
| Alice Booth | |
| MARGARET SANGSTER'S PAGE..... | 29 |
| FOR THE HEALTH OF THE NATION.... | 30 |
| C. Ward Crampton, M. D. | |
| CHILDREN'S PARADISE | 32 |
| Richard Maxwell | |
| PILGRIM'S PROGRESS | 35 |
| Honoré Morrow | |
| EDITORIAL FORUM | 36 |
| ATTACK ON AMERICAN TRADITIONS 37 | |
| Charles M. Sheldon | |
| PATRIOTISM—A SERMON | 38 |
| Clark V. Poling | |
| WE IMMIGRANT AMERICANS..... | 40 |
| Arthur Derounian | |
| DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR | 42 |
| Elizabeth Steer Hahn | |
| CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU..... | 44 |
| Clementine Paddelford | |
| STAMPS | 54 |
| Winthrop Adams | |
| SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR JULY | 60 |
| Stanley B. Vandersall | |
| JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES..... | 62 |
| Paul Maynard | |
| AFTER ALL | 64 |

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THIS MONTH'S
COVER

A portrait of Alexander Hamilton, by Bertram Zadig. Hamilton, who died at 47 years of age, was one of the greatest of the founders of our country. His most important contribution was in the field of sound finance after the Constitution had been adopted. Although his ideas of a strong central government were disregarded in the framing of the Constitution, he was one of the most powerful advocates for its ratification by pivotal New York State.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Must Have Been Rapid City

Young Motorist: "That's an attractive village we're coming to, wasn't it?"

—Menthology.

Latest Model

Visitor—What make is your nephew's new car?

Old Lady (rather vague about such things)—I think I heard him say it was a Wow.

—Exchange.

Here's an Idea

And then there was the manufacturer who had a band play "God Save the King" all day in his plant to prevent a sit-down strike.

—London News.

Natural Mistake

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" asked the school teacher.

"How much do you want for the lot?" suggested a boy.

—Humorist.

Model Animals

She: "You should take an example from the animals—they drink only when they are thirsty."

He: "Yes, and they never speak at all."

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Nerve of Him

Lady (turning around): "Does the long feather in my hat bother you?"

Man (directly behind): "It did until I took it off. Here it is; I thought perhaps you might want it back."

—Worcester Gazette.

He Passed Anyhow

Tim McCarthy was taking an examination for the duties of a policeman. "What are the rabies and what do you do about it?" was one of the questions.

"Rabies are Jewish priests and you can't do anything about it," wrote Tim.

—Exchange.

Strict Diet

The doctor threw up his hands in horror.

"My good woman!" he exclaimed, "you are stouter than ever! Have you been following the treatment I prescribed? Are you quite sure that you ate exactly what I ordered?"

"Everything," replied the patient.

"And nothing else?"

"Nothing whatever," she replied, "except, of course, my ordinary meals."

—Des Moines Register.

The Idea!

Tommy—Mother, let me go to the zoo and see the monkeys.

Mother—Why, Tommy, what an idea! Imagine wanting to go to see the monkeys when your Aunt Betsy is here.

—Exchange.

Quite Possible

"Father," said the shrewd boy, "I saw a deaf and dumb beggar on the street, and he had an impediment in his speech."

"A deaf and dumb man have an impediment in his speech! Don't talk such nonsense to me."

"But he had, father. One of his middle fingers was missing."

—Kablegrams.

Going Up

"I tell you I won't have this room!" protested the old lady to the bell-boy who was conducting her. "I'm not going to pay my good money for a closet with a folding bed. If you think that just because I'm from the country—"

"Get in, lady, get in," the boy cut in wearily. "This isn't your room. This is the elevator."

—Santa Fe Magazine.

Before and After

Two lovers walking down the street; She trips; he murmurs, "Careful, sweet." Now wed, they tread that selfsame street; She trips; he growls, "Pick up your feet."

—Exchange.

Obvious

A candidate for a police force was being verbally examined.

"If you were by yourself in a police car, and were being pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing forty miles an hour on a lonely road, what would you do?"

"Fifty," promptly replied the candidate.

—Exchange.

Concise

A family named Thorpe asked William Lyon Phelps to suggest an epitaph for the tombstone of Mr. Thorpe, lately deceased.

"Thorpe's Corpse," suggested Phelps, who had not been overly fond of the departed.

W. L. Phelps.

THIS MAN'S IDEA IS A GOD-SEND TO FOLKS WHO NEED MONEY

BY H. L. WITTE

This is a true story. I know this man personally. I know of the folks he has helped with his money-making plans. I know of widows with children to support who thank him for their cash incomes. I know of men who lost their jobs, but were able to make more money than ever before. I can tell you of men and women who live better because of the opportunity this man gives them to add to their earnings. Yes, I know of literally hundreds of folks to whom this man's idea of doing business has been a God-send.

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your spare time, either daytime or evenings. If you decide to continue with the business you can devote full or part time the year 'round and enjoy big cash earnings. Your earnings will be in proportion to the time you can devote. I know of any number of people who have reported making \$40, \$50, \$75 and even more in a single week. Such exceptional earning reports show you the wonderful possibilities.

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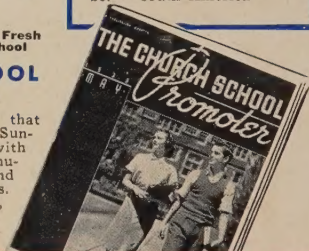
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